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ONE PENNY



THE ACCIDENT AT TATTENHAM CORNER DURING THE RACE FOR THE DERBY. (See page 535.)

Notes of the Week.

On Sunday afternoon much consternation was caused in Woolwich by the outbreak of a fire in a large building, known as Wellington House, situated on Woolwich-common. The building contained twenty-three rooms, and was in the tenure of Mr. O. Penfold, who sublet the different rooms. The disaster was occasioned in the following manner:—A person having died in one of the rooms, it was deemed expedient to fumigate the apartment, and in order to do so a quantity of combustible material was placed on a tin tray, and then set on fire. The door having been closed, nothing more was heard of the affair until some of the inmates were alarmed at seeing fire falling through the ceilings of some of the lower rooms. An instant cry of "Fire!" was raised, and in a short time three engines belonging to the Royal Artillery barracks arrived, as well as another from the arsenal, each being attended by powerful bodies of the military and police. A telegraph message was also sent off to London for the aid of the fire brigade, when Mr. Henderson, the chief officer of the D. district, started with an engine. Upon arriving at Woolwich it was found that the fire had travelled from room to room until the whole of the twenty-three apartments were ignited. The fire was eventually extinguished, but not until it had gone completely through the immense building.

LADY LECONFIELD left her home in Grosvenor-place, on Saturday afternoon, in company with her daughter, the Hon. Miss Wyndham, and a nephew, Mr. Blunt, to make calls. While driving through Upper Grosvenor-street her ladyship was seized with faintness, and failing to recover herself, Miss Wyndham drove home instantly. On reaching the family residence Lady Leconfield was removed from her carriage in a state of insensibility, and although medical aid from St. George's Hospital was immediately at hand her ladyship expired in a few minutes. Mr. Hammerton, the family surgeon, had been sent for, but arrived only a few moments before her dissolution, which is stated to have occurred from apoplexy. Her ladyship leaves a large family circle to lament their loss.

An inquiry was held on Monday at the London Hospital, before Mr. J. Humphreys, the coroner for Middlesex, on the body of Mary Ann Cambridge, aged twenty-eight years, who came by her death on Saturday last. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased, who was a married woman, was on the Saturday morning nursing her infant in front of the fire, when having occasion to remove from the position she occupied, her dress, which was sustained by a crinoline, came in contact with the bars, and immediately ignited. Her dreadful screams soon brought assistance, and the fire was put out, but not before the deceased had been burnt in the most frightful manner; indeed, so much so that on removal to the London Hospital she died the same day. The jury found "That the deceased had come by her death by fire, caused by wearing crinoline."

On Sunday afternoon, soon after the mail train from Exeter and Bristol had left the Hele Station, and was approaching Collumpton, a man was observed by the engine-driver and stoker to leave the hedge at the side of the railway and to throw himself deliberately across the line in front of the engine. The train was pulled up as quickly as possible, but not before it had passed over the man and proceeded some distance beyond where he lay. On returning to the spot it was found that he had been completely cut in two, the wheels having passed over the middle of his back. The deceased had the appearance of being a labourer or mechanic of middle age.

On Monday morning a young female named Adams was lifting a kettle of boiling water from the fire at her residence in Webber-street, Blackfriars-road, when her dress became ignited, and before the burning clothes could be removed she was so dreadfully burnt that it was necessary to convey her in a cab to Westminster Hospital, where her case was considered hopeless.

On Monday, Mr. Raffles Walthew, the deputy coroner for Middlesex, resumed an adjourned inquiry in the New Stepney Union, Devon's road, Bromley, respecting the death of William Walker, aged eighty-three years, who died under the following melancholy circumstances:—"The deceased was a pauper inmate, and had been subject to fits of epilepsy. On Sunday night last he retired to rest. Shortly afterwards he was taken ill. One of the paupers got out of bed and procured a light, when deceased was found to be in a fit. The nurse was called, and the medical officer (Dr. Hawkins) was sent for, but when he arrived the deceased was dead. Dr. Hawkins said that he resided in the Campbell-road, Bow-road, near the North London Railway. He (Dr. Hawkins) had charge of the pauper inmates, and was sent for on Sunday morning week at a quarter past three o'clock. He arrived at half-past three. The deceased was dead when he got to him. Deceased had died from serous apoplexy. There were 477 inmates in the establishment, and there was very little sickness in the place. Several of the jury thought that the medical gentleman or his deputy ought to reside closer to the Union to save delay in cases of emergency. Dr. Hawkins said that he had the care of the poor of another establishment at Limehouse. Verdict of "Natural death from serous apoplexy."

On Monday, Mr. Humphreys, the Middlesex coroner, held two inquests at the London Hospital on the bodies of Daniel Jeffreys, aged seventy-two, and James Wincott, aged seventy-four, who lost their lives under the following circumstances:—In the case of Jeffreys, it appeared that he was employed in repairs of the Carlton Arms, Mile-end, and on the previous Thursday he was at the foot of a ladder that a boy was ascending with an empty nine-gallon cask on his head, when the wind caught the cask, and it fell, striking the deceased on the head, causing death shortly afterwards. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death. In the case of Wincott, who was a drayman, it appeared that he was delivering ale at the Golden Lion, Stratford, on Tuesday week, and that while guiding a cask in the cellar his foot slipped, causing the cask to fall upon his leg and break it. He was conveyed to the London Hospital, and there died from the shock caused to his system, which is frequently the case with respect to draymen who have met with accidents. The jury found a verdict of accidental death.

WATCHMAKING IN AMERICA.—In Waltham, Massachusetts, there is a watch manufactory which employs nearly five hundred artisans, and turns out fifty thousand watches annually. All the works of the watches are made by machinery. One pound of wire, worth a guinea, is converted into one hundred thousand watch screws worth 700l. The jewels are perforated by a drill which is as fine as a spider's web, and the perforations are measured by gauges that indicate the ten-thousandth part of an inch. If a Waltham watch gets out of order anywhere in America, any part of the works can be obtained, exactly suitable, by sending the number of the watch to the manufactory. America now pays Europe a million sterling a year for watches.

FATAL ACCIDENT BY A FIRE ENGINE IN FLEET-STREET.—On Tuesday, a young man Robert Kreslensky, a grocer, aged twenty-four, expired at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in consequence of injuries sustained from a fire engine. It would appear that the deceased was crossing the Farrington-street end of Fleet-street, about ten o'clock on Monday night, and had just emerged from behind an omnibus, when he came in front of the Watling-street engine, which was then on its way to a fire. He was struck on the shoulder and thrown to the ground, and as he had sustained serious injury was at once conveyed to the hospital, where he lingered till the morning, and then died. Mr. Jeffson, who attended on him, ascribed his death to injuries to the abdomen; his head was also much lacerated.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

Respecting Poland it is asserted in various quarters, and confirmed by the French, that Austria has refused to adhere to the proposal of England, making an armistice of one year a condition of the negotiations. Austria grounded her refusal on the consideration that such a condition would be tantamount to recognising the Poles as belligerents, and both the interests and dignity of Russia would make it impossible for her to accept it. The French tells us that in consequence England has given way, but that there are numerous other points as to which the three Powers are agreed—viz, the use of the Polish language in official and national documents; a national Diet, and a national Administration; the Catholics to be placed on the same footing as the followers of other creeds, and the sojourn of a Papal legate at St. Petersburg.

M. Emile de Girardin has started, on the occasion of the death of Madame de Lamartine, a subscription on behalf of the poet, whose pecuniary embarrassments, and whose painful efforts to extricate himself from an overwhelming incubus of debt, have more than once been before the public. Messrs. Emile and Isaac Pereire have put down their names for 400l., and a M. Delahante has contributed the munificent sum of 2,000l. Lamartine, though unable to move from his bed, has written to his friend to intimate his disapproval of the step taken by his friendship. He says:—

"Mon cher Girardin,—Your heart is, as always, on a par with your mind. I have nothing but wishes to thank you for your good intention; but, in the name of heaven and our old friendship, stop, and say no more about it."

"We receive news from Berlin," says the Paris Temps, "which may change the situation of Prussia and rescue the country at a stroke from the state of isolation and degradation in which it has been placed by the home and the foreign policy of M. de Bismark. A letter from Berlin, dated the 22nd, tells us that every one is astonished at seeing that the Prussian Moniteur, which has for so long a time been mute, has suddenly commenced giving news of the King's health. Evidently the health of his Majesty is much compromised. We hear no more of military parades or of those reports on the army which interest the King to so singular an extent, but merely of audiences to M. de Bismark and the princes of the royal house. Everything indicates that his Majesty's physical state suffers much from the troubles in Prussia during the last six months. We are assured that the King himself asks, more seriously than ever, if the moment has not come for him to lay down his crown. This extreme sacrifice would be a solution which would at the same time save the dignity of the crown and the honour of the country. In the event of abdication, the royal prince would take the reins of government, and the royal prince, so far as we can learn, is, by his tendencies and his family ties, essentially liberal."

RUSSIA.

The Invalides Russ, in publishing reports upon the insurrection in the governments of Mohilew and Kiew, says:—"It is generally believed, although difficult to see on what ground, that the Russian army is not sufficiently numerous for the present emergency. The hope of maintaining peace and the desire to reduce the public expenditure have, it is true, within the last few years, effected a considerable reduction in the strength of the army. On the other hand, however, the recruits raised by conscription, the calling in of the soldiers who were on furlough for an indefinite period, together with the numerous other measures which have been taken within the last few months, have amply made up for the reductions which had been previously made. But as soon as the Government project for the organization of a local militia in the western provinces shall have been carried into effect, the Emperor will have at his disposal an army far exceeding the strength of that which, in former days, would have been necessary."

PRUSSIA.

The Nord Deutche Allgemeine, reputed to be M. von Bismark's special organ has a rambling article about the Address of the Chamber, and speculates on what the King's possible reply might be. The following paragraph has attracted attention by reason of its closing words:—

"And then, perhaps, the royal answer will earnestly recommend to the house to resume its labours; but, first of all, to give the Government the information lately refused with regard to the way in which, once for all, the Chamber of Deputies proposes behaving towards (establishing its position relatively to) the ministers of the Sovereign in Prussia; for this is a question which not only touches the situation of the moment, not only the present wearer of the crown, but also the future, also the heir to the crown, the successor to the throne."

This last line is printed, in the German paper, very conspicuously, in extra-large, thick letters. It is the first time, during all these recent disputes and discussions, that an attempt has been made by any paper to introduce the name of the Crown Prince in this manner. The paragraph, therefore, excited some little surprise and gave rise to conjectures. The opinion seems to be that it is a mere impudent and unjustified attempt on the part of the journal to make it appear that his royal highness shares the views of the Cabinet in the matter in question.

The Journal de St. Petersburg publishes a despatch from the Government of Holland, dated April 28th, and a despatch from the Danish Government, dated the 8th instant, both upon the Polish question, addressed to the Emperor of Russia, with the replies of Prince Gortschakoff to these communications.

The Dutch despatch takes the same ground as the French note, and appeals to the benevolence of the Emperor. The reply abstains from discussing the practical utility of the step taken by the Government of Holland, regarding in the note simply the good intention by which it is inspired.

The Danish note maintains that states of the second class might incur dangers in consequence of the general complication, and expresses an ardent desire that the Poles would lay down their arms. The reply thanks the Government of Denmark for its communication, and assures it that the dangers apprehended will not arise from Russia.

A despatch from the Portuguese Government upon the same question, drawn up in the spirit of the English note, not having been communicated to the Journal de St. Petersburg, remains unpublished. The reply of Prince Gortschakoff touched upon the encouragement given to the insurrection by foreigners, and observes that the Emperor has no necessity to receive suggestions otherwise than from his own heart and the sentiments of duty.

MEXICO.

According to the news brought to the Havannah, the last mail from Puebla left the French head-quarters on the 12th. At that date, according to the French accounts, they continued penning up the Mexican garrison. The latter only occupied the part of the city the least able to be defended, and found themselves as it were, cooped up in the space comprised between the last barricades (the district of San Jose) and the forts of Guadalupe and Loreto. "General Forey," says the Diario de la Marina in its correspondence, "writes that he is quite satisfied; the operations were going on prudently and slowly, but of the final result there could be no doubt."

ICE IN AUSTRALIA.—The inhabitants of Sydney now obtain home-made ice manufactured by producing artificial cold by a chemical process. In the past summer it has been delivered at a pound, but a cheaper rate is promised for next summer.

General News.

FIVE thousand Confederate prisoners have died in Union hospitals since the war began.

THE Marquis of Westminster has just given a further donation of £400 to the funds of the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital in Oxford-street for club foot, spinal, and other deformities. More than 80,000 deformed poor have experienced the benefits of this hospital, but about 120 are now waiting for admission, while several of the beds are unoccupied for want of funds.

PRINCE NAROLLOX and Princess Clotilda left Alexandria on the 11th for Cairo, and were to proceed at once to Upper Egypt. The Prince has presented to the Viceroy of Egypt, on the part of the Emperor, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.—Galignani.

GENERAL GARIBOLDI, writing on 14th May, has replied to an address adopted at a great public meeting in Dublin on 8th October, 1862. After presenting his sincere acknowledgments for the favour and the good wishes expressed for his country and himself, he adds:—"I feel most truly thankful for your sympathy. Italy has, indeed, cause to be grateful for such proofs of disinterested friendship."

A PRUSSIAN deputy committed suicide the other day. As he was a member of the Left, the federal papers endeavour to make it appear that remorse at the political part he had been induced to play was the motive of the act, which, in reality, is to be attributed to causes of a private nature.

PRINCE WILLIAM OF BADEN has left the Prussian service, retiring with the rank of major-general. The officers of the brigade of Artillery of the Guard, to which he belonged, gave him a farewell dinner at the barracks. He enters the Baden service.

A CURIOUS lawsuit, and perhaps a little more tedious than they generally are, has just been decided at Paris. One fine night in the autumn of 1859, when the moon shone so brightly that, to quote the words of a passenger who related the story the next day at Milan, "it was quite hot," two steamers ran right into one another in the Gulf of Genoa. A priest was the only victim, and the rest of the passengers and crew stepped into the steamer which had run into them, and the other sank as the last of the crew left her. On board the sinking vessel was a vast quantity of property, and among other valuables jewels to the amount of 206,000 francs (8,240l.), belonging to the wife of Aga Risk Allah, a distinguished Syrian. The aga has ever since been urging his claim against the company which owns the lost steamer, and, after four years' deliberation, law has decided that he has no claim at all.

At a bull fight at Madrid, on the 18th, the celebrated toreador known as El Tato received a rather severe wound in the breast from the horn of one of the animals.

THE New Zealanders give the following translation of a passage in a late number of the Hui, a newspaper printed by the adherents of the Maori King:—"A Looking into the Proposed Love of the Governor.—O friends, look not here with dismal faces, we are seeking out the love of the governor, mentioned by himself when he came to Taupiri—namely, that he loved Maori children; therefore, O friends, we are searching out this matter, and say that, perhaps, the love of the parent is this—the purchase of land. Alas! O Maori children, who are being likened unto curlews, whose sand-banks disappear with the flowing tide. O friend, do not come towards us and buy land, lest a question be raised as to the fervour of your love."

We learn says Galignani, that a theatrical speculator of Paris has left for London expressly to engage the celebrated Polytechnic ghost which has been lately making such a noise there—in other words, to effect an arrangement with the inventor of the optical machinery by which the illusion is produced, in order to exhibit it in Paris.

A PRUSSIAN captain of cavalry named Von Stramberg inserts a notice in the Silesian Journal to the effect that, having been removed from the service by the sentence of a court of honour, he desires to make it known that it was for no worse offence than for being the author of a pamphlet entitled "What is Necessary for the Army."

ONE thousand pounds reward has been offered by the New South Wales Government for the apprehension of Gardiner and Gilbert, two notorious bushrangers, guilty of highway robbery and murder, who have been at large for a couple of years. Among the descriptions of Gardiner are scars on left eyebrow, temple, chin, knuckle of right fore-finger, elbow-joint, left thumb, and right knee.

It is rumoured that a grand Conservative banquet is to take place on the 8th of June at Willis's Rooms. The Earl of Shrewsbury is to occupy the chair.

In 1851 the European population of New Zealand was 26,707, and in 1861 it was 102,021. The total exports of the precious metals up to the 30th of September, 1862, were of the value of £2,086,921. The value of wool exported in 1861 was £523,729. In 1853 the value was only £66,507. In 1861 the imports amounted to £5,498,811, and the exports to £1,370,247.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN MEXICO.

THE cuts in page 540 represent a soldier of the French army in Mexico, the advance of artillery on Puebla, and a camp scene.

MUNIFICENCE OF MADAME LIND GOLDSCHMIDT.—FOR some time the suffering inmates of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, founded by the late Dr. Andrew Reed, have been cheered by the visits of benevolent ladies, and among others of Madame Goldschmidt. To help them she offered a gratuitous concert, and had the satisfaction of handing five hundred guineas to the treasurer, upon which occasion the following resolutions were passed and forwarded to her. Resolved:—"That this board acknowledge with their best thanks, the receipt of five hundred guineas from Otto Goldschmidt, Esq., being the net profit of a grand performance of Handel's cantata 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' given by Mons. and Madame Goldschmidt on the 1st May, 1863, at St. James's Hall, in aid of the Royal Hospital for Incurables. The board are fully sensible that Madame Goldschmidt has a pre-eminent claim upon their gratitude. Moved to pity by the sight of the suffering family, and commiserating the condition of those yet unsuccessful in gaining the benefit of this institution, Madame Goldschmidt did spontaneously and gratuitously place her unrivalled talents at their disposal, undertaking cheerfully the most laborious part of the performance. The occasion itself will be remembered with gratitude and delight as one of the most splendid triumphs of her surpassing genius. Her best reward, however, is the consciousness that, by this generous offering, she has earned for those afflicted ones, not immunity from pain, but a share, at least, in the quiet pleasures which may be their lot, and which are not unduly denoted in the pensive aspirations that, on this occasion, formed her select theme. To M. Goldschmidt the board desire to express their thanks for the great ability displayed in preparing and directing the execution of a work hitherto comparatively unknown, but which, from the full justice done to its excellences, has been unanimously considered a great musical success."

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THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

DEFEAT OF THE FEDERALS, AND RETREAT OF GENERAL HOOKER'S ARMY.

The *National Intelligencer*, of the 8th, semi-officially announces, in the following terms, the recrossing of the Rappahannock by the Federal troops under General Hooker on the 5th inst.:

"Official information received last evening at the War Department authorises us to state that General Hooker, after waiting in vain near Chancellorsville, on Tuesday last, for a renewal of the battle by the enemy, recrossed the Rappahannock on the evening of that day, influenced by prudential motives, springing doubtless, in part, from the great and sudden rise of the Virginia rivers in consequence of the recent heavy rains. We do not learn that General Hooker was apprised, before making this retrograde movement, of the success which is alleged to have attended the operations of General Stoneman in breaking the enemy's communications with Richmond. If this fact had been known to him (assuming it to be a fact), it may be doubted whether General Hooker would have deemed it necessary to take a step which must tend to deprive him of some, at least, of the advantages resulting from General Stoneman's co-operative expedition. Among events which have not transpired officially, but of which there are rumours having the appearance of truth, it may be stated that General Sedgwick, in endeavouring, on Monday last, with the greater part of his command, to effect a junction with General Hooker's army near Chancellorsville, encountered the enemy in force and met with a serious reverse, the particulars of which are not yet known."

Despatches from Washington, dated the 7th, give the following additional details of the recrossing of the Rappahannock by General Hooker:

"It is ascertained from the front that the army of the Potomac has arrived, with all its material, at their old camps at Falmouth. The demonstration of General Hooker has proved no disaster, but simply a failure, owing to the impracticability of the position which the army had gained with so much skill and energy. Less than three-eighths of the whole force was engaged that could be engaged, the ground being covered with forest, and being without practicable roads. Our entire loss in killed, wounded, and missing, does not exceed 10,000. The enemy's loss must have been double of this—honourably to the army, but lamentably for the country, the greatest proportion of them are killed and wounded. Our loss of prisoners does not exceed 1,700. We have received 2,450 prisoners of the enemy. We lost eight guns, and took the same number of pieces from the enemy. The relinquishment of the position was made simply because it afforded no field for the manoeuvring of the army, and not from any reverse or injury sustained by it. The general and the entire army are in excellent heart and ready for a new movement. We shall probably not know where this is to be made until after it has been commenced. Richmond papers show that Stoneman's corps went within two miles of Richmond, and effected many captures and a great destruction of property. At least a part of all this gallant force has reached Gloucester, in Keyes' command, opposite to Yorktown, on the York River. There can now be no impropriety in saying that the President and Major-General Halleck visited General Hooker and the army yesterday, and returned to the city to-night. At nearly one this morning, information was received that General Stoneman has safely arrived at Rappahannock station with the remainder of his force. He has cut the railroad connexions of the enemy in all directions, and thus won a noble distinction."

Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, issued the following despatch on the 8th inst.:

"To the Governor of Pennsylvania—The President and the general-in-chief have just returned from the army of the Potomac. The principal operations of General Hooker failed, but there has been no serious disaster to the organization and efficiency of the army. It is now occupying its former position on the Rappahannock, having recrossed the river without any loss in the movement. Not more than one-third of General Hooker's force was engaged. General Stoneman's operations have been a brilliant success. Part of his force advanced to within two miles of Richmond, and the enemy's communications have been cut in every direction. The army of the Potomac will speedily resume offensive operations. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War."

The *New York Times*, of the 9th, gives the following summary of events to that date:

"Our intelligence this morning puts beyond doubt the fact that General Hooker's army has again retired to the north side of the Rappahannock. From various sources we collect the following facts in regard to the movement. There was no fighting on Tuesday of any consequence, and the rumours to that effect were founded on a misapprehension. The sharpshooters were quite active, and the artillery opened occasionally, but results were unimportant. The enemy had evidently massed his army on our right. About five o'clock in the morning it commenced raining. The water fell in torrents over an hour, deluging the road, tearing up the corduroys, sweeping away bridges, and threatening the destruction of the pontoons. The river rose with great rapidity, and soon overflowed the ends of the pontoons, rendering crossing impracticable. The upper pontoon was taken up, and used in lengthening out the others, and after several hours of very hard labour the bridges were once more ready. It was soon evident that General Hooker, seeing his position was rendered temporarily untenable by the storm, had determined to cross over again to this side of the Rappahannock. On Tuesday the order was given to retreat. New roads were cut. The trains and reserve artillery were sent back, and the evacuation was commenced. Pine boughs were spread upon the pontoons to prevent the noise of crossing, and at ten o'clock on Tuesday night the troops commenced falling back. The First (Couch's) Corps was the first to cross. The Fifth (Meade's) Corps remained in the entrenchments to cover their retreat. The Sixth Corps also recrossed the United States Ford, and are marching back to Falmouth. At three o'clock on Wednesday morning waggon and mule trains and the artillery had all passed, and the infantry was crossing on two bridges at the United States Ford. Couch's corps was in advance. The retreat was covered by the Fifth (Meade's) Corps. By dark, the waggons, extra caissons, pack mules, &c., were at Falmouth. The wounded were hastily removed from the hospitals, and sent to Washington, leaving nothing on the other side except our infantry and artillery. After fighting the severe battle of Sunday morning, General Hooker continued to strengthen his lines, throwing up double lines of rifle pits, and constructing abatis along the line of his camp. The enemy continued to make demonstrations along the works, driving in the pickets, and delivering volleys of musketry at men most exposed. Sedgwick, at Fredericksburg, was overwhelmed by numbers, and pressed hard on both front and rear, was hardly able to make good his escape near Banks' Ford. Fredericksburg and the heights beyond have been re-occupied by the enemy. Sedgwick had lost in killed and wounded about 5,000 men. His artillery and trains were safely brought over on Monday night. Richmond papers of the 5th state that Stoneman's cavalry had completely severed all Lee's communications with Richmond, and that the only reports of the fighting were received there from mounted messengers. These journals also state that General Peck's forces were pressing on after the rebel forces, which had abandoned the siege of Suffolk; and that Keyes' corps at Yorktown was also moving. Reports are said to have been received in Washington that, after cutting the railroad lines leading into Richmond, Stoneman deployed his forces along the road leading from Lee's army to Gordonsville. It was also said that troops were arriving at the

latter point, en route to Lee's army, but that that they came from Lynchburg, and not from Richmond. The most intelligent estimates place our losses during this brief campaign at not more than 15,000. The rebel army is thought to have lost at least one-third more, as they charged upon our batteries in masses, and were fearfully slaughtered by our artillery."

THE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL-IN-CHIEF IN CONSULTATION WITH GENERAL HOOKER.

A Falmouth letter of the 7th says:—"At about ten o'clock this morning a special train, consisting of a locomotive and a single box car, arrived from Aquia Creek, bringing to the station two distinguished visitors. President Lincoln and Major-General Halleck were the sole occupants of the car, having left Washington at a very early hour this morning by steamer, and riding through from Aquia Creek upon a couple of camp stools. Immediately upon their arrival the President and the general-in-chief were conducted to a carriage which had been some time in waiting, and with a solitary cavalryman on either side of the vehicle were escorted to the headquarters of Major-General Hooker. No demonstration was made by the few groups of officers and soldiers who were lounging about the depot, save an occasional touch of the visor of those who recognised in the tall stooping form and thin careworn features the presence of the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States. His coming, although known at headquarters, seemed to take everybody at the station by surprise. After reaching the old headquarters camp, the President and General Halleck at once repaired to General Hooker's tent, and entered into a conference, it is supposed, upon the result and impending movements of the army of the Potomac. They are now together in deep consultation. The President's countenance seemed to bear traces of sore disappointment. His appearance was in every way that of an overtaken and overworked man. General Halleck, on the other hand, seemed, to a casual observer like myself, to be in the best of health and spirits."

GENERAL LEE'S REPORT.

General Lee, in his despatch to Mr. Jefferson Davis, says that the South have again to thank God for a great victory. The following is the despatch in question:

"TO PRESIDENT DAVIS.

"Milford, May 3, 1863.
"Yesterday, General Jackson penetrated to the rear of the enemy, and drove him from all his positions from the Wilderness to within one mile of Chancellorsville. He was engaged at the same time in front by two of Longstreet's divisions. Many prisoners were taken, and the enemy's loss in killed and wounded is large. This morning the battle was renewed. He was dislodged from all his positions around Chancellorsville, and driven back towards the Rappahannock, over which he is now retreating. We have again to thank Almighty God for a great victory. I regret to state that General Paxton was killed, General Jackson severely, and Generals Heth and A. P. Hill slightly wounded."

DEATH OF GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

General Stonewall Jackson was wounded in his left arm below the shoulder, and a bullet passed through his right hand.

General Lee, in an official order, dated the 11th inst., announced to the Confederate army the death of General Stonewall Jackson. It was found necessary to amputate his wounded arm, and the effects of the operation, together with pneumonia, caused his death. In speaking of his wound, previously to his death, the *Richmond Examiner* says:

"We could better spare a brigade or a division, and our base foe will exult in the disaster to General Jackson; yet the accursed bullet that brought him down was never moulded by a Yankee. Through a cruel mistake in the confusion the hero received two balls from his own men, who would all have died for him."

On the 6th instant General Hooker issued the following document:

"Head-quarters, army of the Potomac, May 6.
[General Order, No. 49.]

"The major-general commanding tenders to this army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days. If it has not accomplished all that was expected, the reasons are well known to the army. It is sufficient to say, they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resources. In withdrawing from the south bank of the Rappahannock before delivering a general battle to our adversaries the army has given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself and its fidelity to the principles it represents. By fighting at a disadvantage we would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, to our cause, and to our country. Profoundly loyal and conscious of its strength, the army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interests or honour may command it. By the celerity and secrecy of our movements, our advance and passage of the river were undisputed; and on our withdrawal not a rebel dared to follow us. The events of the last week may well cause the heart of every officer and soldier of the army to swell with pride. We have added new laurels to our former renown. We have made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in his entrenchments, and whenever we have fought we have inflicted heavier blows than those we have received. We have taken from the enemy 5,000 prisoners and fifteen colours, captured seven pieces of artillery, and placed *hors de combat* 18,000 of our foe's chosen troops. We have destroyed his depots filled with vast amounts of stores, damaged his communications, captured prisoners within the fortifications of his capital, and filled his country with fear and consternation. We have no other regret than that caused by the loss of our brave companions, and in this we are consoled by the conviction that they have fallen in the holiest cause ever submitted to the arbitration of battle. By command of Major-General Hooker,

"S. WILLIAMS, Assist. Adjutant-General."
The *Richmond Enquirer* considers Chancellorsville the most desperate battle yet fought, and estimates the Confederate loss at 8,000 to 10,000, and that of the Federals at 25,000 to 30,000, including 8,000 prisoners.

Southern journals assert that the Confederates have captured thirty pieces of artillery.

It is stated that General McClellan last week requested the President to accept his resignation or give him active service; and that the President's answer, which declined to relieve him of his position, was accompanied by an intimation that his services would be shortly required.

SAGACITY OF A SHEEP.—While a boy was riding past Vinsgarth, in Tingwall, Shetland, on Monday last, he was met by a sheep, which bleated mournfully by his side. She then took off the road, looked him in the face, and bleated on. Thinking that something was wrong, he dismounted, and followed the sheep till she came to her lamb firmly stuck in a hole of the dyke. The poor little thing was living, but stiff and cold; but no sooner was it relieved by the boy, and laid on the grass, than the sheep lay down beside it, and then looking again at the face of the boy, renewed her bleating, and stopped not till he had mounted and was back to the road.—*Northern Ensign*

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living out this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BOWWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—*Advt.*

FATAL ENCOUNTER WITH A TIGRESS.

Mr. HARRIS, who was superintending the construction of the Dehra and Roorkee road, has been killed by a tigress. Being a keen, devil-may-care sportsman, he went out tiger shooting on foot, some companions being on elephants with him. "Harris had not walked far, when, at the turn of a rock, he saw the monster he was in search of, under the shade of a large plant of the aloe species, with broad fleshy leaves of a dark green colour. He fired, and the wounded beast sprang on him, receiving the second ball midway; but it was totally ineffective in retarding her course. As the brute reached Harris, he held the rifle in both his hands, and extending it horizontally between him and the tigress—a very slender protection indeed, for it was wrenched out of his grasp with the greatest ease. And now a terrible struggle ensued. Rising on her hind legs, her forepaws resting on Harris's shoulder, she tried to knock him down; but this was not an easy matter, as Harris stood firm as a rock, and it was not until the animal went on all fours and laid hold of his leg that he fell. It was at this time that he received his worst wound: a piece of flesh about twice the size of a man's fist was torn out of his thigh, laying bare the inner bone. The other leg was likewise completely smashed. Harris called out, 'Shoot the tigress—she is killing me.' From the time that the animal pounced upon him to the time that Harris's voice was heard, seeking aid, about a quarter of an hour had elapsed. If but one elephant had gone up to the spot Harris might have been rescued in a moment. Some of the mounted sportsmen, it seems, ordered a native shekari, a powerful athletic man, to go forward and shoot the tigress. The man hesitated, but, on being threatened, started on his perilous mission, approaching very cautiously. He seized his rifle, and met the tigress with the barrel across the head, which had the effect of inducing her to leave her intended victim. This is the man's own story. It is more probable that he made some noise or threw stones, which frightened her away. He says that it was difficult to get to the exact spot, as there was very long grass about the place, which swaying from side to side as the tigress turned and twisted furnished the only indication of her position. This, however, cannot be said with reference to those who were on elephants, as they must have had a clear view of what was going on. A sort of subdued growl from the tigress similar to that of a dog when disturbed while gnawing a bone was heard at intervals. This ceased when the animal left Harris, a deathlike silence prevailing, and the shekari, fancying that the tigress had perhaps dragged him away, called out his name, and got the reply, 'Here I am.' He was placed on a c, which was put on an elephant, and taken to his tent. He told the men who followed him to leave him and go after the tigress, which he believed was desperately wounded. The first ball from his rifle struck her under one eye, the second ball took the other clasp out. It was a cross shot, most difficult, and while the tigress was in the act of springing, Harris must have aimed at the forehead, and if only one of the balls had hit there it would have crashed through the skull, and extended her lifeless on the spot; or if even after hitting the eye had taken a downward course and touched the vertebrae, it would have disabled her, and prevented the consequences that followed. As it was, both the balls passed out behind the ear. The tigress was shot dead the same day, shortly after Harris reached his quarters. All this happened on a Thursday about a fortnight ago. Harris was taken to Roorkee, where both his legs were amputated on Saturday. He died on Sunday morning, and was buried in the evening. He was a short, broad shouldered Englishman, in the prime of life, with dark brown hair, and light grey eyes; a face made up of shrewdness and good nature, a frame firmly and compactly knit, and a genial flow of humour and anecdote, ever ready to fill up a gap of what might otherwise be a silent moment. He was a crack shot with the rifle, and had killed several tigers on foot. It would be difficult to form a fair conception of the amount of courage requisite to perform an act such as that which cost him his life. As he has left a large family unprotected for a subscription for their benefit would be a very commendable act; and his brother sportsmen who were with him when he fell into the jaws of an enraged tigress ought to take a prominent part in promoting this object.—*Times of India*

DEPLORABLE SUICIDE OF A LADY.

A PAINFUL inquiry was held by Mr. W. J. Payne, coroner for the Duchy of Lancaster, at the Cook Tavern, High-street, Clapham, respecting the death of Mrs. Anna Hancock, aged fifty-seven. James Orme, 16, Courteney-place, Clapham-road, said that deceased lived at 6, Courteney-place. She was the widow of a gentleman formerly of independent property. He became reduced in circumstances, however, and had to become a clerk. Two years ago he died, leaving to his widow 50% in the funds, some valuable plate, and a well-furnished house. Witness, in consequence of the intemperate habits of Mrs. Hancock, was requested to give her the money in weekly instalments, which he did. She was not sober on any Saturday during the last two years, and she fell into a state of the most extreme destitution. Witness latterly lent her money to the amount of 71. She had previously sold all her plate and furniture, and had been obliged to remove to a small room. She called on witness, and asked him for some money. She looked in great want, but she was three parts intoxicated. He said that he had no more money, and that the best thing she could do would be to apply to the workhouse, and get herself taken as an inmate. She seemed much grieved, and said that she could never induce herself to do so. She had on a previous occasion said that she would rather feed the fishes than live in a workhouse. Witness, however, felt it was his duty to insist, as she was in such a dreadful state of want. She got an order to go before the board of guardians, but she committed suicide, witness had no doubt, through dread of being obliged to enter the workhouse. She spent the whole of Sunday wandering about Clapham-common. Witness had done everything in his power for her.

John Wood, Stammerton Cottage, Clapham common, said that he resided near the Windmill-pond. He saw the body of the deceased in the water. He could see through the water the marks of her footsteps along the bottom of the pond, showing where she had deliberately walked into the water until her feet had become entangled in the weeds. She had then apparently thrown herself on her side, and kept her head under the surface until she was drowned. She must have got over an embankment and railings before she reached the pond. Nothing but a key was found on her. She appeared to have been in great destitution.

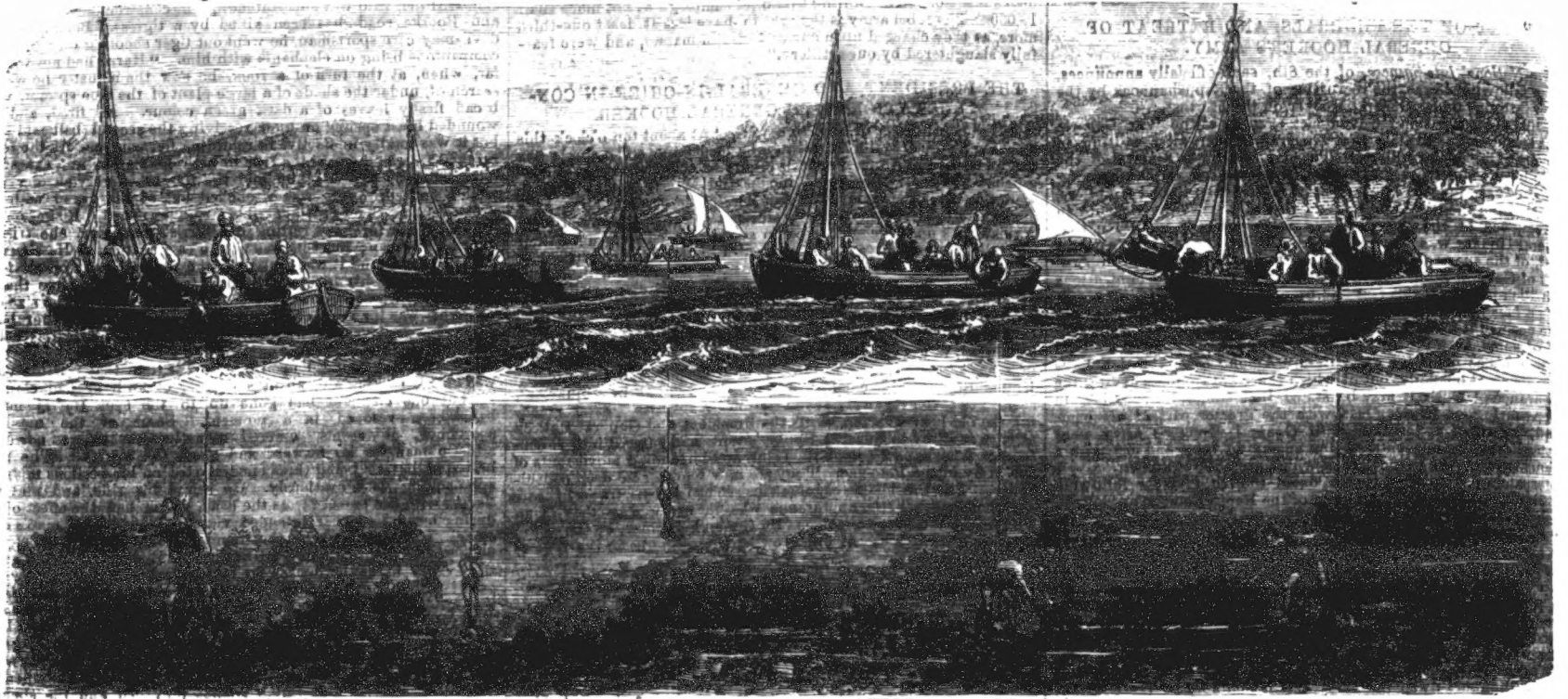
The coroner having remarked upon the lamentable nature of the case, the jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while in a state of temporary insanity."

GENERAL LEE VISITING A BATTERY AT FREDERICKSBURG.

THE illustration in page 537 represents General Lee, the commander-in-chief of the Confederate army, visiting one of the batteries on the heights of Fredericksburg, whilst it was firing upon a division of Hooker's army.

ANSELL'S PICTURE OF THE HUNTED SLAVES.—This large and fine work of art, which was generously presented by the artist to the Committee for Relief of the Unemployed Operatives in the Cotton Districts, and which was valued at 1,000l., was agreed to be disposed of by lottery. This has been done, and the picture, as the prize, has fallen to Mr. Gilbert W. Moss, banker, Liverpool. The valuable picture which Mr. Moss has thus acquired he has, with characteristic liberality, presented to the corporation of Liverpool, and it is understood it will be placed in the gallery of the Free Library and Museum.

SKETCHES IN SYRIA.



DIVING FOR SPONGE.

SPONGE FISHING.

We here furnish our readers with the separate engravings showing how sponge is procured by fishermen on the coast of Syria, and prepared for domestic purposes. The origin of this useful article remains still in obscurity; indeed, naturalists are not quite agreed as to whether it is a vegetable or an animal production. The majority, however, suppose it to be of animal origin. It consists of a fibrous, reticulated substance, covered by a soft, gelatinous matter, but in which no polypes have hitherto been found. It is common to all seas, but is procured in great abundance on the coast of Syria, adhering to rocks and shells under water and on rocks about the shore at low water.

The fishing season begins in June and ends in August, though sometimes on the Syrian coast it lasts till September. The fishermen go out in boats, and when they see sponge



PREPARING THE SPONGE FOR MARKET.

on the rocks the diver are let down and proceed to work under the water, pulling it off the rocks in the manner depicted in our engraving. It is then laid in heaps on the beach, trampled upon by the fishermen, and there it remains until the gelatinous matter is disconnected from the fibrous; after which it is washed, dried, and exposed for sale at the various markets. One of the accompanying engravings represents the market at Tripoli. This city owes its prosperity chiefly to its position. It is situated along the base of a triangular plain, having for its vortex a flat promontory towards the sea. The base runs nearly in a north and south direction, is about two miles long, and bounded by a rocky height, immediately under which the town of Tripoli extends itself three-fourths of a mile in length and three hundred yards in breadth. On the flat promontory, on the north side of which is the place of anchorage, is the Marina,



SPONGE MARKET AT TRIPOLI.



THE RETURN FROM THE FIELD.

or port, where the vessels discharge and receive their cargoes. The population of the town is about 16,000, who consist chiefly of Greek shipwrights and seamen. In addition to sponge, soap, raw silk, &c., are exported. Syria, though the birth-place of commerce and the emporium of the East, is still in a condition of semi-slavery and barbarism.

The Queen has signified her intention to bestow upon Earl Grey the Garter vacant by the death of Earl Canning.

THE RETURN FROM THE FIELD.

We all know what Byron says about its being sweet to know, there's some one waiting your coming, and looks brighter when you come. The gayest of us feel all the gayer for such a feeling, and to the poor man who works hard to earn a precarious and frugal living, such a feeling is of the dearest character. The return home is the one bright spot in the dreary round of labour. He works hard—he

lives hard—his pay is of the humblest character, and his vocation is one perhaps the world does not rank very high—but he is a father and a husband. He has a home and a family. There is a babe to grasp his rough hand, and a loving wife to put her arm in his own. He may be rough in speech and action, but he is human, and he feels a joy as great as a monarch's when he returns home. Many a crowned head might envy him his honourable labour and happy home. Our engraving is taken from a picture by Boagueron, and is a fine specimen of that French painter's powers.

The Court.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Macclesfield and Major Teesdale, honoured the performance at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, with their presence on Saturday evening. Their royal highnesses were accompanied by the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary, and by his Serene Highness the Prince of Reuss.

On Sunday, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge attended Divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Communion service was read by the sub dean, the Rev. T. Helmore, and the Rev. J. Antrobus.

It is, we believe, at present intended that his Royal Highness Prince Alfred shall reside in Edinburgh next winter, and pursue his studies here in connection with our university, much in the same style as his royal brother, the Prince of Wales, did a year or two since—*Scotman*.

The health of the King of the Belgians is still in a very doubtful state, and in royal circles considerable apprehensions are felt as to the issue of the painful malady under which he suffers. Mr. Henry Thompson, the well-known surgeon of Wimpole-street, left town for Brussels, in obedience to a summons received from thence. It is to be hoped that his skill may do something to ease the pains and to lengthen the days of the illustrious monarch, but his great age and the difficulties of the case forbid any sanguine hopes.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by the Countess of Macclesfield and Major Teesdale, visited the International Dog Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Monday morning.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales dined with the Duchess of Inverness on Monday evening at her residence in Kensington Palace. Their royal highnesses were attended by the Countess of Macclesfield and Major Teesdale.

Her Majesty the Queen will return to Windsor Castle from Scotland on Saturday, the 6th of June. Preparations are being made at Frogmore Lodge for the reception of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales during the Ascot race week. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales will be present at the Eaton regatta, which will take place on the 5th of June, instead of the 4th as heretofore. Their royal highnesses will honour the Rev. the Provost of Eaton with a visit on that day, and lunch with him. A number of distinguished guests will be invited to the Provost's Lodge. On the day of the arrival of her Majesty the Prince and Princess of Wales will occupy their apartments at the Castle.—*Court Journal*.

THE APPROACHING ROYAL VISIT TO THE CITY.

The corporation of London are making extensive and costly preparations for the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of their forthcoming visit to the city. A large number of distinguished persons will be invited to the fete in Guildhall which their royal highnesses are to honour with their presence on the evening of Monday, the 8th of June. Three other members at least of the royal family have accepted invitations—the Duchess of Cambridge, with the Princess Mary, and his royal highness the Commander-in-Chief, the ministers of State, members of the Court, the foreign ambassadors, and a number of peers and members of parliament, with their families, will also be invited. The remainder of the company will chiefly consist of London merchants, bankers, the representatives of joint-stock societies, masters of the great civic companies, the mayors of the chief provincial cities and towns, the members of the Courts of Aldermen and Common Council, and the leading officers of the corporation. At first it was intended to limit the invitations to 1,500, but the entertainment committee have found it impossible to adhere to that arrangement without causing much disappointment. They have therefore increased the number to two thousand. The applications for tickets are said to have been numerous beyond all precedent, and they are still pouring in.

The decoration of the Guildhall has been confided to Mr. Crace, and, under his superintendence, the work is proceeding. The design, which is quite novel, and altogether different from anything hitherto attempted at great civic festivals, has met with high praise. The chief object sought to be attained is to bring out in conspicuous relief all the architectural features of the interior of the Hall by the use of gilding and colour. A temporary roof, resembling oak, and intended closely to represent that which the Corporation mean to substitute for the present unsightly and dilapidated ceiling, will be erected for the occasion, and from it will hang masses of foliage gracefully arranged. The monuments on the walls of the Hall, which on festive occasions are generally concealed, will be conspicuously displayed by the use of drapery. A dais and canopy will be erected at the eastern end of the building for the Prince and Princess; and the interior will be reflected in mirrors placed at the western extremity. The Council-chamber, which will be appropriately adorned, has been set apart for the accommodation at supper of their royal highnesses and the more distinguished guests. All the great civic companies will contribute their services of plate, which will be added to that of the corporation on the occasion.

The Court of Common Council, headed by the Lord Mayor, is to be summoned to meet at nine o'clock in the evening to present the freedom of the city to the Prince. This ceremony, necessarily brief, will take place in the presence of such of the company as shall then have arrived. At its conclusion the ball will be opened.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE CITY.

The freedom of the City of London is to be presented to the Prince of Wales in a gold casket of great value. It is 7½ inches long, 6 inches wide, and 8½ inches high, and richly decorated with enamel and cinque-cento ornaments. The front is composed of a ground of blue enamel, in the centre of which are raised shields surrounded by wreaths, bearing in enamel of the proper colours the arms of England and Denmark. These are supported on one side by the arms of the City, and on the other by those of the Lord Mayor, chased in pure gold. Above these is a model of the Prince's crown of state. The reverse side is occupied by the initials of the Prince and Princess in fine gold, on a ground of blue enamel, and a plate bearing the following inscription:—"Rose, mayor. Presented by the corporation of London, with the freedom of the City, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on Monday, 8th June, 1863." At each corner are two pillars divided by a trident, wreathed with ivy leaves chased in green enamel. On each pillar is placed an enamelled mask, representing a water deity crowned with bulrushes. The top of the casket, which is opened by means of a secret spring, is ornamented with pierced work and wreaths of flowers chased in gold of various colours. Surmounting the whole is a figure of Britannia, represented as seated and armed with her trident, supported by the lion and unicorn. At each corner of the top is a forget-me-not in blue enamel. The casket rests upon four sea-horses chased in pure gold, and the whole is mounted on a highly-polished slab of Californian onyx or marble. The weight, exclusive of the marble stand, is about fifty ounces. The whole work has a beautiful appearance, the rich tints of the shields and enamelled ornaments being made to harmonize admirably with the tinted gold of the wreaths and minor decorations. As a piece of goldsmith's work it reflects high credit on the designer and manufacturer, Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill, at whose shop it is now on view. The design was selected from a number handed in by different goldsmiths.

BOW BELLS.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE OF GENERAL LITERATURE

No. 30, for Wednesday, June 3, 1863,

CONTAINS:—

WOMAN'S WORTH. By Eliza Winstanley. Illustrated by Thwaites. Picturesque Sketches.—Rustic Happiness. Circle of Stores called "Mitchel's Fold." Illustrated. Adventures, National Customs, and Curious Facts.—Adventures with a Bear. A Monster Shark. Men Living Like Oysters. The Perfection of Police Machinery. Peasant Wedding.

Essays.—Undetected Crime. Too Much Talk. The Fine Arts.—The Flower Girl. The Ladies' Page.—The Work-table, The Toilette, and Ladies' Guide. The Bandit Chief: A Tale of Italy.

London: J. Dicks, 313, Strand, and all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

THE QUEEN'S MUSKETEERS: A Tale of the Days of Charles the Second. Illustrated.

Our Portrait Gallery.—John Arthur Roebuck, Esq., M.P.

Kate Deimont: A Complete Tale. Second Sight and Supernatural Warnings. By J. P. Phillips.

The Only Daughter. Zephirine; or, the Symp of my Boyhood. By Leopold Wray.

Bertha. By Lady Caroline Loftus. Sayings and Dolgas.

Poetry. Household Receipts. Notices to Correspondents. Varieties.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D.	D.	ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.	L. E.
			A. M.	P. M.
30	a	Pope died, 1744	11 41	12 0
31	S	Trinity Sunday	0 7	0 23
1	M	Howe's Victory, 1794	0 58	1 23
2	T	Gordon Riots, 1780	1 47	2 10
3	W	William Caxton died, 1492	2 35	2 58
4	T	Corpus Christi	3 24	3 47
5	F	St. Boniface	4 11	4 35

MOON'S CHANGES.—1st, 11h. 30m. p.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Deut. 16 to v. 18; Acts 10 to v. 34.

EVENING.

Isaiah 11; Acts 19, v. 21.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned. MEMORIALS.—Foreign seamen, after two years' service in any British ships, are naturalised.

N. G.—The Menai Bridge is 1,600 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 100 feet above the water.

MARGARET MORRISON.—Boys are admitted into Christ's Hospital at seven years of age, and not exceeding ten years. The mode of admission is by a letter of recommendation from one of the 400 governors. About 150 of these receive a notice yearly that they may recommend a boy, and a committee of forty governors examines the presentation made. The child of a livery servant is inadmissible. An illegitimate child is inadmissible. A deformed, or diseased, child is inadmissible. A child related to the governor presenting, however remotely, is inadmissible. A child is inadmissible if any sum of money, or pipe of wine, &c., has directly, or indirectly, been given for the presentation. The child of a customer dealing with the governor presenting is inadmissible. These circumstances are all inquired about as to every child presented. The son of a poor clergyman, or a surgeon, a banker's clerk, or a respectable shopkeeper is not deemed ineligible. It is a school for the children of the middle class, and a considerable number of them are orphans.

BELLE.—The royal portraits the most multiplied are those of the vain Elizabeth, Charles I, and Louis XIV. They are incorporated by flattery as saints, angels, gods, and goddesses.

BLUE JACKET.—It would take about £1,200 Three per Cent. Reduced to produce £60 a year for a male aged forty-three, and a like sum for a like annuity for a female. The latter would get £4 16s. for every £93 money, and the male £5 3s. 4d.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

AFTER a series of defeats as calamitous as any that have preceded them in the war the Federal army has re-created across the Rappahannock and returned to its former position at Falmouth. Thus ends the Virginian campaign of 1863, after five months of preparation. Favoured by a very dark night General Hooker has escaped the sword of the Confederates, and once more gained the camp from which nine days before he had gone forth for the conquest of the South. The Secretary of War is able to assure the public that the failure has been "without serious disasters to the efficiency of the army," and General Hooker is "now occupied in strengthening his position;" an occupation in which he will possibly be interrupted by the appointment to his command of some subordinate who will make a temporary reputation by inveighing against his errors. The immediate cause of the retreat is alleged to have been the defeat of the corps under General Sedgwick, which gave the Confederates the power of acting on the Federal line of communication with Aquia Creek; and it may certainly be true that it was this event which forced General Hooker to cross the river with such precipitation. But even if Sedgwick had not been crushed, it is hardly possible that the main army could have been kept long in a position so dangerous and so remote from the Federal base of operations. Of the two battles of Saturday and Sunday we have no further news; and it may be said that the details of these encounters and the loss of the rival armies are still very imperfectly known to us. Of the battle of May the 4th, however, which ended with General Sedgwick's being driven across the river with the loss of 5,000 men, some accounts have arrived, and show that the struggle was long and obstinate, as indeed might be judged from the heavy loss to which the Federals confess. The Confederate reinforcements suddenly made their appearance on the Monday morning on the hills to the left of Fredericksburg, and coming down rapidly occupied the city, getting into the rear of the Federals. The nearest way of retreat was by a ford five miles above the city. The corps was arranged in an arc, both wings resting on the river, the right at Banks's Ford. On Monday afternoon it was attacked by superior forces of the enemy, and gradually forced back. In the night it retreated by Banks's Ford, thus leaving General Hooker's communications unprotected. Immediately on this the general prepared to retreat also. Sedgwick's corps was driven across the river in the night of Monday, and on Tuesday morning Hooker began to follow him. We do not know—we shall probably never know—the real extent of the loss suffered by the Federals in these battles, but we strongly suspect that General Hooker was so disabled as to make the defeat of Sedgwick rather an opportune

excuse for retiring than a real disappointment. General Lee reports that many prisoners were captured, and that the enemy's loss in killed and wounded was large; and from the circumstances that Hooker could give no assistance to his subordinate when attacked by superior forces there is reason to think that his army must have been too much beaten to have any hope of resuming the offensive. He had also left on the field the dead and wounded in the Sunday's battle, which indicates plainly enough that when the Federals were driven back in the last great struggle their retreat was something like a rout. The shattered army consequently had to be withdrawn with the utmost caution, and in the night it succeeded in getting away, the Confederates being either outwitted by the rapidity of the movement, or not desiring to expend their strength upon a flying enemy. We cannot but think that the former is the more probable solution.

THE Confederate laurels won on the field of Chancellorsville must be twined with the cypress. Probably no disaster of the war will have carried such grief to Southern hearts as the death of General Jackson, who has succumbed to the wounds received in the great battle of the 3rd of May. From the earliest days of the war he has been conspicuous for the most remarkable military qualities. That mixture of daring and judgment which is the mark of "heaven-born" generals distinguished him beyond any man of his time. Although the Confederacy has been illustrated by a number of eminent soldiers, yet the applause and devotion of his countrymen, confirmed by the judgment of European nations, have given the first place to General Jackson. The military feats he accomplished moved the minds of people with an astonishment which it is only given to the highest genius to produce. The blows he struck at the enemy were as terrible and decisive as those of Bonaparte himself. The march by which he surprised the army of Pope last year would be enough in itself to give him a high place in military history. But perhaps the crowning glory of his life was the great battle in which he fell. When the Federal commander, by crossing the river twelve miles above his camp, and pressing on, as he thought, to the rear of the Confederates, had placed them between two bodies of his army, he was so confident of success as to boast that the enemy was the property of the army of the Potomac. It was reserved to Jackson by a swift and secret march to fall upon his right wing, crush it, and by an attack unsurpassed by fierceness and pertinacity, to drive his very superior forces back into a position from which he could not extricate himself except by flight across the river. In the battle of the Sunday Jackson received two wounds, one in the left arm, the other in the right hand. Amputation of the arm was necessary, and the Southern hero sank under the effects of it. He was only thirty-eight years old, and was known before the war as a man of simple and noble character, and of strong religious faith.

Provincial News.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—"THE ABODE OF LOVE."—Considerable sensation has been created in Glastonbury by an attempt made by a party of the Princesses to induce a lady to leave her husband and retire to the enviable Abode of Love, a place notorious at Charlinch, near Bridgewater. It appears that the lady, who was once an inmate of the establishment, would not have been an unwilling captive; but just as the scheme appeared ripe for execution, and a carriage at hand waiting to receive her, the discovery was made, the plan defeated, and the seductor ignominiously compelled to beat a retreat, amidst the hissing and hootings of a crowd who speedily assembled. It is, however, announced that, nothing daunted by defeat, the seductor is entrenched in sight of the lady's residence, ready to resume the attempt on the first favourable opportunity.—*Dorset Gazette*.

YORKSHIRE.—BURGLARY WITH VIOLENCE, NEAR CHESTERFIELD.—The little village of Urstone, half way between Sheffield and Chesterfield, was startled on Saturday morning, about one o'clock, by loud screams, which, on investigation, turned out to proceed from the house of Mrs. Booth, a widow possessed of some property and keeping a grocer's shop. On the neighbours reaching the house it was found that the alarm had proceeded from a daughter of Mrs. Booth, and that a burglary had been committed. The alarm raised had caused the men to decamp, but not without the booty they had come for. On going to Mrs. Booth's room, she was found stretched on the floor in her night dress insensible, having been garrotted. On further investigation being made, it was found that the sum of 40l. had been taken from a drawer which was broken open. Entrance to the house had been attempted by the windows, but that failing, a centrepiece had been used to bore a hole in the back door, by which the bolt was shot. The burglars, who would appear to have been well acquainted with the premises, then fastened the young lady in her room, and entered Mrs. Booth's apartment. Telling her they had come for money, and money they were determined to have, they forced her to tell them where it was, and brutally ill-used her. Her injuries are so severe that, being an old lady, it is feared she will not recover. The daughter became alarmed by something she heard, and being unable to get out of her room, got outside the window on the ledge, from whence her screams roused the neighbours.

DEVONSHIRE.—PETROLEUM ACCIDENT.—On Saturday evening, about nine o'clock, Mr. Earle, a neighbour, applied to Mr. Emmett, a grocer and general dealer, Marlborough-street, Devonport, for a gallon of petroleum oil. The latter lighted a candle and went into the cellar underneath the shop. Shortly after a terrific explosion took place, and the premises took fire. Mrs. Emmett was in the shop with an infant, which she gave to a neighbour, and ran up-stairs for her other children, with whom she had barely time to escape through the bedroom windows into the street. Mr. Emmett's shop, and those adjoining, formed formerly one large school-room, and, in adapting the space for shops, very slight divisions were made. The fire soon progressed down the street; Emmett's premises, and those of Mr. Paige, pork dealer, next door, were gutted. The roofs of No. 2, Mr. Trebilcock, boot and shoemaker, and Nos. 3 and 4, Mr. Barons, china merchant, are destroyed. The stock and furniture of all five are either burnt or rendered worthless, and the neighbours were so much alarmed that the contents of many of the houses adjoining in Fore-street, and on the western side of Marlborough-street, were removed so hastily as to be seriously damaged. It is said that Mr. Emmett had only one cask of petroleum in store. His body, in a very disfigured condition, was recovered on Sunday morning about eleven o'clock. He was one of the town council. The five houses are insured in the West of England; the stock in the London and Liverpool, and other insurance companies. Owing to a deficiency in the supply of water at first, it was some time before the fire could be checked.

THE VOLUNTEERS ON WHIT-MONDAY.

NAVAL AND VOLUNTEER REVIEW AND SHAM FIGHT AT SOUTHEAST. FROM an early hour on Monday the usually quiet locality of South-east was the scene of great activity and excitement, in consequence of the large number of visitors who arrived by each successive train on the London and Tilbury Railway, and also by steamboats, to witness the spectacle of an attack by a naval squadron and Royal Marines against a defensive force of volunteer artillery, engineers, and rifles. At twelve o'clock the 3rd Essex Administrative Battalion of Rifle Volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant-General Coope Davis and Major Octavius Coope, marched to the parade ground fronting the Ship Hotel, preceded by its excellent regimental band of sixty performers, and a series of battalion evolutions, which occupied about an hour were carried out by the force, which comprised the following corps:—1st Essex (Romford), Captain Champion Russell; 2nd Essex (Ilford), Captain Commandant William Cotesworth and Captain Henry M. Harvey; 3rd Essex (Brentwood), Captain Hill; 7th Essex (Rochford), Captain Arthur Fawke; 15th Essex (Hornchurch), Captain E. Pearblock; 18th Essex (Chipping Ongar), Captain Philip J. Budworth; 19th Essex (Epping), Captain Loftus W. Arkwright; 21st Essex (Brentwood), Captain William J. Burgess; and 24th Essex (Woodford), Captain-Commandant George Noble. At the termination of the evolutions, this battalion marched to Cliffe-town, which was the great centre of attraction, and the vast extent of open ground immediately adjacent to the heights facing the sea was thronged by immense multitudes of spectators, the most excellent arrangements having been made for the safety and accommodation of the public. At half-past two o'clock the entire volunteer force had assembled on the ground and formed in review order, comprising, in addition to the 3rd Essex Administrative Battalion, the following corps, viz., the 15th Essex (Heybridge) Volunteer Engineers, commanded by Captain Edward Hammond Bental; the 1st Administrative Battalion of the Tower Hamlets Rifles, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Buxton, and comprising the 3rd (Spitalfields), Captain Commandant Sir T. F. Buxton; 5th (Mile-end), Captain G. E. Ludbrook; and 10th (Mile-end-gate), Captain Davies; the 38th Middlesex, Captain Commandant M. W. Phillips, detachments of the West Middlesex, London Artists, and other metropolitan corps; the 5th Essex (Plaxton), Colonel Commandant Charles Capper; the 22nd Essex (Waltham Abbey), Captain William Leask; and the 23rd Essex (Malden), Captain James A. Hamilton. The reviewing officers, Colonel W. M. P. M'Murdo, C.B., Inspector-General of Volunteers; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel C.P. Ibbotson, assistant inspector, and staff, were received with the usual salute by the entire line, and the force subsequently marched past, and carried out various battalion evolutions. Shortly after three o'clock the most interesting portion of the proceedings of the day commenced. A squadron of five steam gunboats, the Bullfrog, the Snipe, the Louise, the Herring, and the Magnet, were seen approaching the South-east coast from the opposite shore; the bugles of the volunteers sounded the alarm; an excellent disposition was made of the resisting force by the commanding officer, and each of the guns was well manned and ready for action. The attacking squadron, having got well in position fronting Cliffe Town, opened a terrific fire, which was well responded to by the batteries on shore; and during the cannonade, under the protection of the guns of the squadron, a force of about 300 rank and file of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, under the command of Captain Butcher, left the vessels, and were rowed rapidly in small boats towards the promenade at the bottom of the cliff, by seamen of the fleet. A landing was effected in gallant style under the superintendence of Vice-Admiral F. W. Hope Johnstone, C.B., commander-in-chief at the Nore, who had charge of the squadron, and Captain Butcher, of the Marines. Arrived on terra firma the attacking force formed, and prepared to reach the level plain by advancing up the cliffs. Their progress was, however, opposed by the volunteers, who had thrown out a party of skirmishers, who were supported by a line prepared for volley firing, which was carried out by the right of companies. The gallant Royal Marines, at all hazards, continued to advance, and with some difficulty ultimately reached the summit of the cliff by means of a bayonet charge, rushing up at various points of the declivity, and re-forming, in spite of all opposition, on the plain above. The volunteer skirmishers and advance force retired to the main body, and the Royal Marines advanced in direct echelon of companies at quick march to the scene of action. The attacking force then confronted the entire line of the volunteer army, and a brisk series of file and volley firing was kept up for several minutes. The volunteers subsequently changed front, the battery guns were brought to bear upon the invading force, and after various other evolutions of attack and defence, the bugle sounded a retreat, and the Royal Marines retired to their boats. The proceedings terminated about half-past four o'clock, and the several corps of volunteers having formed into a square were addressed at some length by the commanding officer, Colonel M'Murdo, who, in addition to his staff, was attended by Colonel Gordon, of the Royal Artillery, and other officers. The gallant colonel observed that in consequence of the limited space at the point of landing, it had been found necessary to alter the arrangements as to some evolutions. He was highly gratified with the entire proceedings of the day, and considered it was important that the volunteer force should become practically acquainted with the best means of resisting an enemy. He was pleased to find that the whole of the corps present were in a most efficient state; and he must, in the name of the volunteers, return his sincere thanks to the gallant admiral, and the officers and men of the gallant corps of Royal Marines, by whose kind assistance the proceedings had been brought to such a successful termination. After hearty cheers for Colonel M'Murdo, the large force then retired.

FIELD DAY AT CHISELHURST.

There is not a prettier place within twenty miles of London than the parish of Chiselhurst. It was expected that three or four corps, altogether numbering 1,200 to 1,500 men, would have been inspected there on Monday, but with the exception of a few stragglers who formed an independent company, the 29th Middlesex, to the number of 400, was the only corps on the ground. Lieutenant-Colonel Whitehead, who gave up the senior majority of the Victorias to accept the command of the North Middlesex, directed the operations of his regiment, which mustered at the Regent's Park barracks at half-past ten, and marched to London-bridge Station, which they left a few minutes before one o'clock. On arriving at Bickley the regiment fell in, and marched to Camden Park, where, on their arrival, they dispersed, and enjoyed a very substantial meal of bread, beef, and beer, which had been provided by, and at the cost of, the officers of the battalion. It was near four o'clock before any movements took place, for the colonel waited partly to let the men rest and enjoy themselves, and partly in the hope of some other corps coming. When the men did ultimately fall in in eight companies, no further time was lost. The battalion first of all marched past the colonel, and then doubled for some four hundred yards to the side of one of the hills, where file-firing from the right of companies was commenced, and for some time kept up with considerable spirit and much accuracy. Then came a trying movement, a quick-march down a steep hill in direct echelon, a scramble across a rivulet, still keeping the form, and on the new ground, which was a steep slope, a formation of company squares to resist cavalry. The excellence of the movement spoke very highly for the training of the corps. The ground was difficult, the movement itself one under any circumstances likely to test troops; its complete success was, therefore,

all the more gratifying. When the thirty rounds of blank ammunition, wherewith every man was provided, were exhausted, Colonel Whitehead gave the word to rally, and then marching the men up to their original ground he addressed a few words to them, and dismissed them to another substantial refectory, which they seemed to appreciate none the less because they had gone through three hours' hard work.

VOLUNTEER FIELD DAY AT STREATHAM.

A field day took place on Monday, on Streatham and Tooting commons, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Truro. Although the entire force was small in number, being less than 500, the evolutions were performed in a very creditable manner.

THE INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.

To all who visited the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Monday, it must be patent that the fame of the district in this respect is greatly on the increase, for never before was there so large and so extraordinary a show of dogs as that which is now open to the public. And to give still greater lustre to the exhibition, it had an early visit from the Prince and Princess of Wales, in addition to the support which it has received from his royal highness being one of the exhibitors himself.

It was generally bruited about the district that the Prince and Princess would pay a visit to the show in the course of the day, but it was hardly expected that they would arrive so early as twelve o'clock. At that time, however, there was a considerable gathering of persons in the vicinity of the hall, which was speedily augmented when the arrival of the illustrious visitors became known. They entered the building at a quarter past twelve, being accompanied by General Hood, Major Treasdale, and Lady Macleod, and some foreigners of distinction. They were received by the chairman of the Agricultural Hall Company, Mr. John Clayden; the secretary, Mr. Sidney; Messrs. Bannister, Druce, J. Howard, R. Leeds, J. W. Brown, C. Comfort, and W. Collins, directors, and Mr. Charles Dorman, solicitor to the company. The first object which attracted their royal highnesses' attention was the fish-batching apparatus of Mr. Buckland, the details of which were explained to them by that gentleman. The young salmon, trout, grayling, &c., and the ova of various kinds of fish, were examined by the distinguished party with great interest. Their royal highnesses then proceeded to view the exhibition of dogs. The foxhounds of Mr. Charles Barnett, master of the Cambridgeshire hounds, drew the special notice of the Prince, partly from the fact that he hunted with the pack to which they belong while he was at Cambridge University. Mr. Barnett accompanied the Prince and Princess during the greater part of the time they remained in the building. The bloodhounds were also specially noticed, and the Princess seemed so much interested in them, that it became necessary to warn her royal highness that the temper of that breed of dogs is rather uncertain. Among the other animals which were specially observed were Mr. Wood's lion dog Sampson, Dr. Buckland's wolfhound, from Trebizond, and the other hounds. While in the lower part of the building the poultry show, which, though limited, is very good, was visited by the royal party. After reaching the gallery the long-coated dogs were remarked by the Prince, while the Princess's favourites appeared to be the toy dogs, of which there are many very singular specimens.

The Prince and Princess stayed in the building about an hour, having repeatedly expressed their admiration of the show.

None of the public were admitted to the building while the Prince and Princess were there, four o'clock being the hour fixed for their admission.

The show itself is perhaps the largest of the kind that has ever been held, there being no fewer than 1,678 specimens, divided into sixty-six classes, comprising dogs of every contour, colour, and character, and of all sizes, from the lion mastiffs to the tiniest toy-dogs. It is separated into two great divisions—the first comprising "dogs used in field sports," and the second those "not used in field sports." In the first division there are 803 specimens, and in the second 875, so that both sections are in number pretty much alike. This distinction is further carried out by devoting almost the entire area of the basement to the sporting dogs, and the galleries to the non-sporting dogs. The dogs are for the most part placed on open platforms extending the whole length of the hall, so that they can be viewed with the greatest ease and convenience. As there is no country in the world where the sports of the field are so eagerly and generally pursued as England, the finest specimens of foxhounds, staghounds, harriers, beagles, greyhounds, otter hounds, deer hounds, pointers, setters, retrievers, and spaniels, may be seen here. The class of deer hounds is remarkably good this year, the first prize being carried away by Oscar, a two-year-old dog, exhibited by Mr. Bridge, of Sandpit, Windsor park, and having a price of 1,000l. attached to his neck. The second prize in this class was awarded to the Earl of Stamford and Warrington for Bran, aged one year and ten months. This fine dog is valued by its owner at 1,000l. The noble earl has also been successful in the class of deer hound bitches, Brenda, the mother of Bran, for which his lordship gave 150l. coming in for second prize, the first being awarded to Sir G. Gore for Flora.

Censurables amongst the sporting dogs are twelve couple of the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, in a spacious kennel in the centre of the hall. It would be almost impossible to surpass these animals as types of canine beauty. Mr. Barnett, of Stratton Park, Biggleswade, is the winner of the two first prizes, and the second prize in different classes of foxhounds. Lord Fitzhardinge and Mr. Colmore, of Moor-end, near Cheltenham, are also successful competitors in other classes.

There is a fair show of harriers. The most conspicuous exhibitor here is his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who competes in class 5 for the "best three couple of hounds from a pack having hunted last season, and not exceeding twenty inches in height." There are eight competitors against his royal highness, and amongst them are Earl Brownlow, Mr. Coyer, Mr. Race, &c., who exhibit some fine specimens of harriers.

The show of "pointers" is admitted to be one of the finest and most numerous ever exhibited, and the large class of persons who take an interest in this species of game dog will find ample material for praise and wonder.

We understand Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., of New Burlington-street, have been appointed music sellers to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

DEATH OF A SCOTCHWOMAN 107 YEARS OLD.—Last week a woman died in Reay, after having attained the extraordinary age of 107 years. Four generations live under the roof of the house in which the woman died.—*Northern Ensign*.

NEGRO REGIMENTS IN THE WEST.—There is a great demand in General Grant's army for positions in the negro regiments now forming. A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* says:—"Even General Gorman has made application to be placed in command of a negro brigade. It is said that every one of the officers who have been peculiarly bitter in their denunciation of the policy of arming slaves are now in for it tooth and nail."

BEST REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE, TIC-DOLOREUX, FACE-ACHE, NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, IS DR. JOHNSON'S TOOTHACHE AND TIC PILLS, used according to the directions, allay pain, effectually harden the nerves in decayed teeth, and give power to the whole nervous system, without affecting the bowels. A box is sent free by post for fourteen stamps, from Keadall, chemist, Clapham-road, London.—[Advt.]

MEMOIR OF GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

JACKSON, unlike many others, more especially in the Northern armies, holding the same rank, was a soldier from his youth, and, if we mistake not, received his education at the military college at West Point. Immediately after the secession of the Southern States, and when their newly-elected President was busily engaged in organizing their first army, Jackson placed his sword at his service, and was shortly afterwards entrusted with an important command. It was not, however, until the commencement of the summer campaign of 1862 that opportunities presented themselves for the exercise of his strategic powers. From that time to the present his history is that of the war in Virginia. His first and most important successes were achieved in the Shenandoah Valley, when by a series of rapid marches he managed to surprise General Banks at Winchester, and compelled him to cross the Potomac into Maryland. Frequent were the raids which he conducted within the Federal lines, and so rapid were his movements that to his perplexed opponents he might well seem ubiquitous. When the lines at Yorktown were abandoned and McClellan's army had taken up its position within a few miles of Richmond, General Jackson returned from his expedition into Northern Virginia and joined his forces to those which, under the command of Lee, covered the approaches to the Confederate capital. Soon after was fought the celebrated battle of the Chickahominy, when Jackson led the Confederate columns against the right wing of the Federal army, doubled it completely back upon its centre, cut off the line of communication between the Federals and their depots and transports on the York River, forced McClellan to change his base of operations, and ultimately to re-embark with his entire army and return to Washington. A few weeks later was fought the campaign in Northern Virginia, in which the Federal army, under the leadership of Pope, sustained so many and so disastrous defeats. The series of movements by which the Confederates drove their opponents back from their lines on the Rappahannock, and subsequently all but completely annihilated them at Bull Run, will always command the admiration of military commentators on the history of the American war. To the success which attended those operations, General Jackson's skill and intrepidity contributed in no small degree. Though subordinate to Lee, he at this time, as on many others, held an independent command, and by forced marches succeeded in placing the Federal army between his division and the main body of the Confederate forces. When Pope, with the remnant of his army, sought shelter under the fortifications of Washington, the Confederate generals, flushed with success, crossed the Potomac and invaded Maryland. Lee, with the main body of the army, pushed forward as far as the borders of Pennsylvania, whilst Jackson proceeded to invest the Federal position at Harper's Ferry. Here he gained one of the most brilliant, if not most substantial, of the many successes which have shed such lustre on his name. Harper's Ferry was held by a Federal garrison, and was strongly fortified. Having taken by assault the heights on the north side of the Potomac, which commanded the Federal position, he bombarded it until the garrison was fain to surrender, and, having occupied the place and paroled no less than eleven thousand prisoners of war, he rejoined General Lee in time to take part in the great battle of Antietam Creek, which closed the brief Maryland campaign. Since then he took part in only two engagements which have been fought in Virginia. At the first battle of Fredericksburg, his division, in common with others, defended the entrenchments which had been constructed in the rear of that city, and in the recent battle of Chancellorsville to him was entrusted (as it was a year since at the Chickahominy) the duty of conducting the attack against the Federal lines. How successful he was the present position of the Northern army abundantly testifies. His last battle has, however, been fought. He has fallen in the arms of victory. If anything can embitter the feelings of regret occasioned by his loss in the minds of his fellow-soldiers, it will be the impression which has gained ground that his death was accidental. It is said that whilst leading his men he was unintentionally struck by two bullets fired from his own division. In the confusion of battle such accidents will occur.

THE BREAK DOWN AT EPSOM.

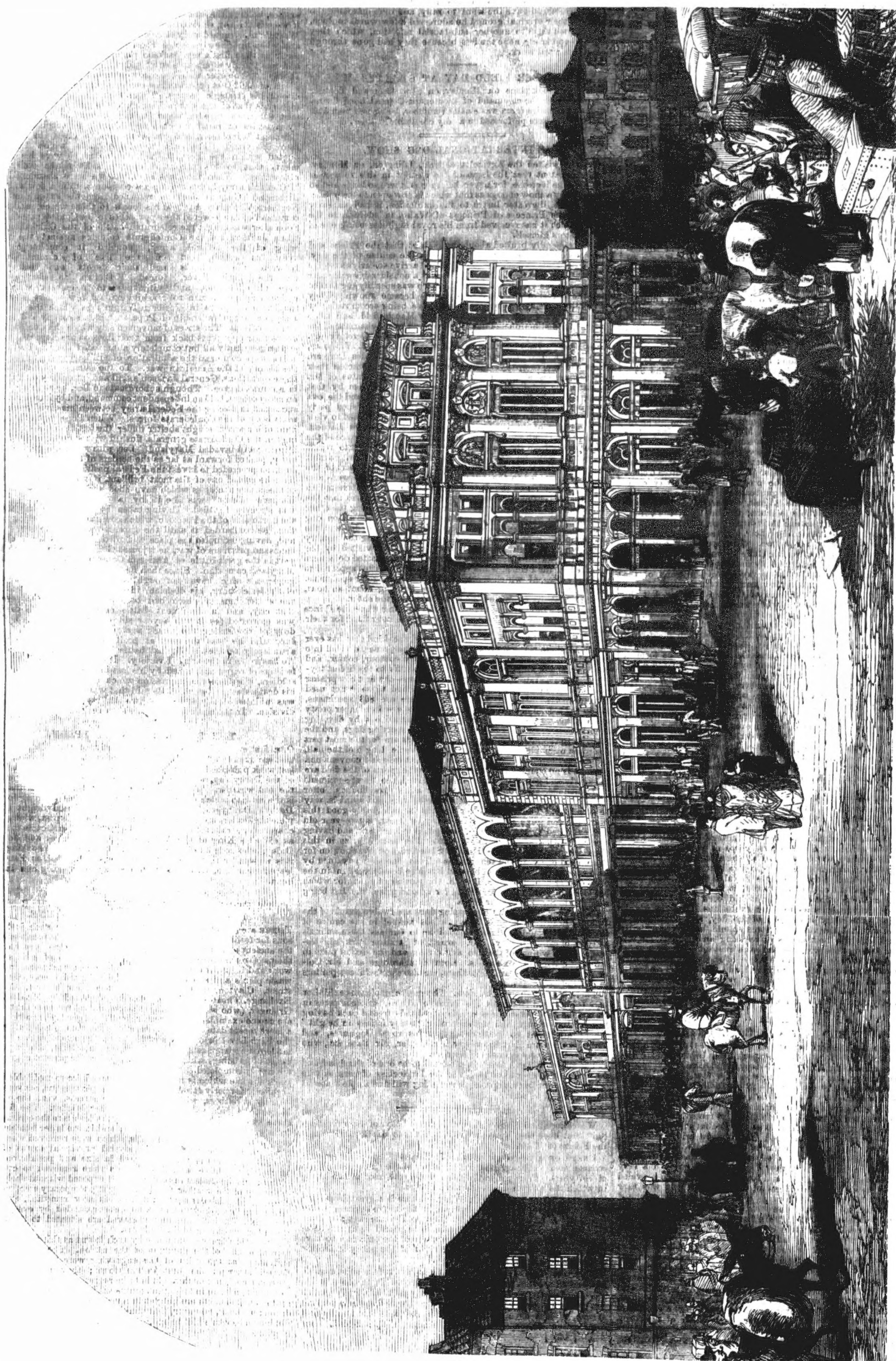
Our first engraving this week is illustrative of the untoward event that occurred in the running for the Derby stakes at Epsom. We last week published a description of the humorous and conviviality of the Derby-day, which, however this year were sadly marred by the bad weather. This week the subject of our frontispiece is the mishap which befel two of the racehorses running for the Derby. Donnybrook, Lord Clifden, Macaroni, and Bright Cloud were the leaders up to the three-quarters of a mile post, where Sacharometer struck into the heels of Bright Cloud, and came to grief, as did also King of the Vale, both David Hughes and Johnny Daley, who rode the fallen animals, getting a severe shaking, and it is a wonder that the last-named was not killed, as Fantastic leaped over him, and was within an ace of kicking him in the head.

CORN EXCHANGE, MUSIC HALL, AND OTHER NEW BUILDINGS, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

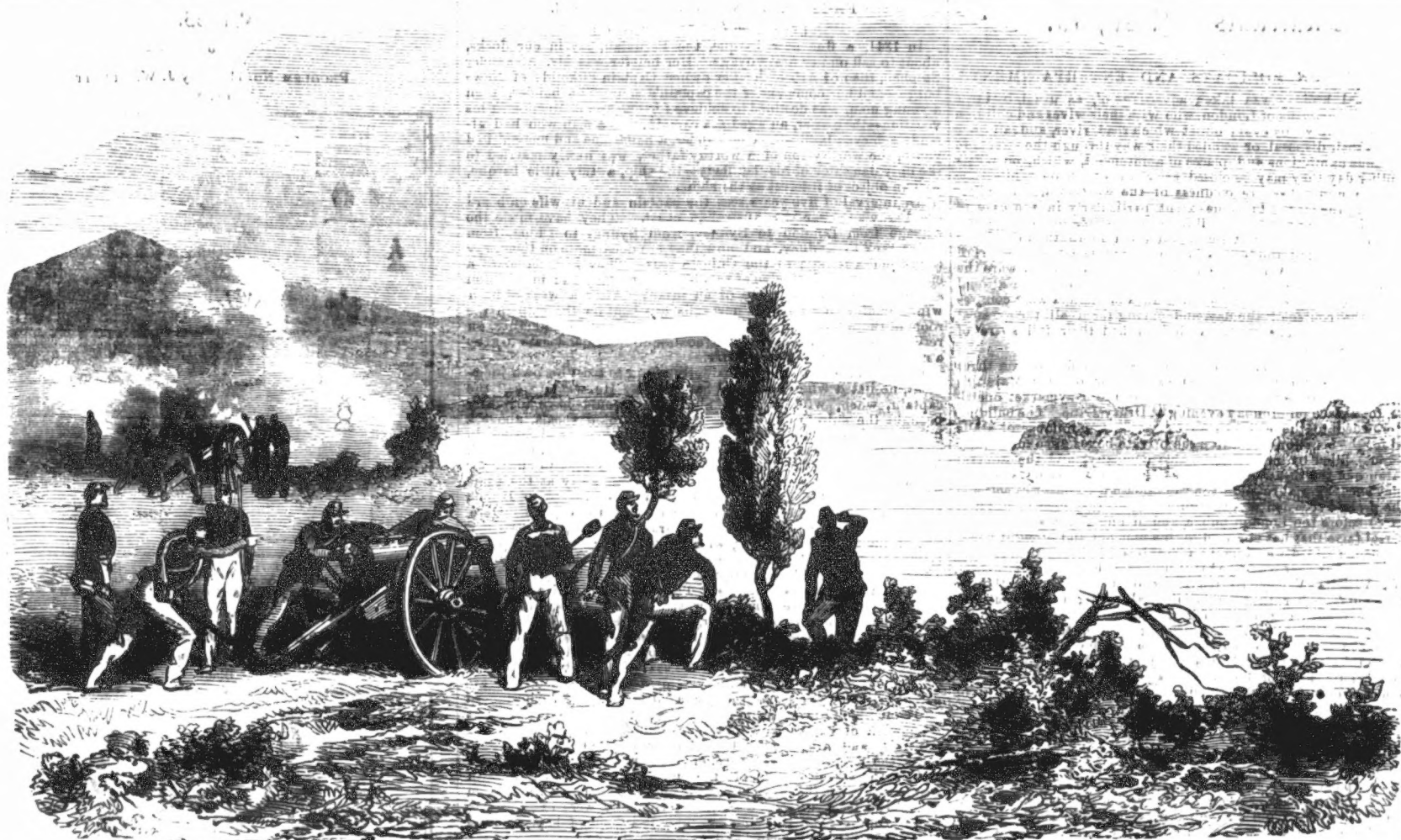
THERE are few of our provincial towns which have such just reasons for feeling proud of their public buildings as the inhabitants of the ancient and important town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne have of theirs. In the space of thirty years, noble streets of solid stonework and beautiful design have been reared, and what were formerly waste places and spots covered with dilapidated houses, George-street, Clayton, and other streets, the New Market, Central Exchange, Theatre, and other buildings erected by Mr. Richard Grainger, (who was a self-taught mechanic and native of the town), are choice examples of architectural taste and good construction. At a more recent date the railway terminus and that wonderful work, the High Level Bridge, have added in an important degree to the modern improvements, and last, though not least, the imposing range of buildings which form the subject of the present engraving are nearly completed.

On the site which is now covered by an edifice so creditable to its architects formerly stood two rows of most picturesque, but very unhealthy dwellings, which formed three streets, viz., the Great Market, the Middle-street, and the Butcher Market. The first of these was in old days partly occupied by the dealers in the commodity from which the street takes its name; and in the latter butchers on market days sold the meat on stalls, which were removed when not required, as is still the case in several provincial towns of the present day. As the town increased in size and population, the butchers', vegetable, and fish markets were removed to covered spaces; but the dealers in corn were left exposed without shelter to the mercy of the weather, until an unsightly temporary erection was placed in St. Nicholas-square; this evil is now remedied, and the farmers and corn-buyers have a market surrounded by every convenience. The buildings here engraved are situated to the north of the famous church of St. Nicholas.

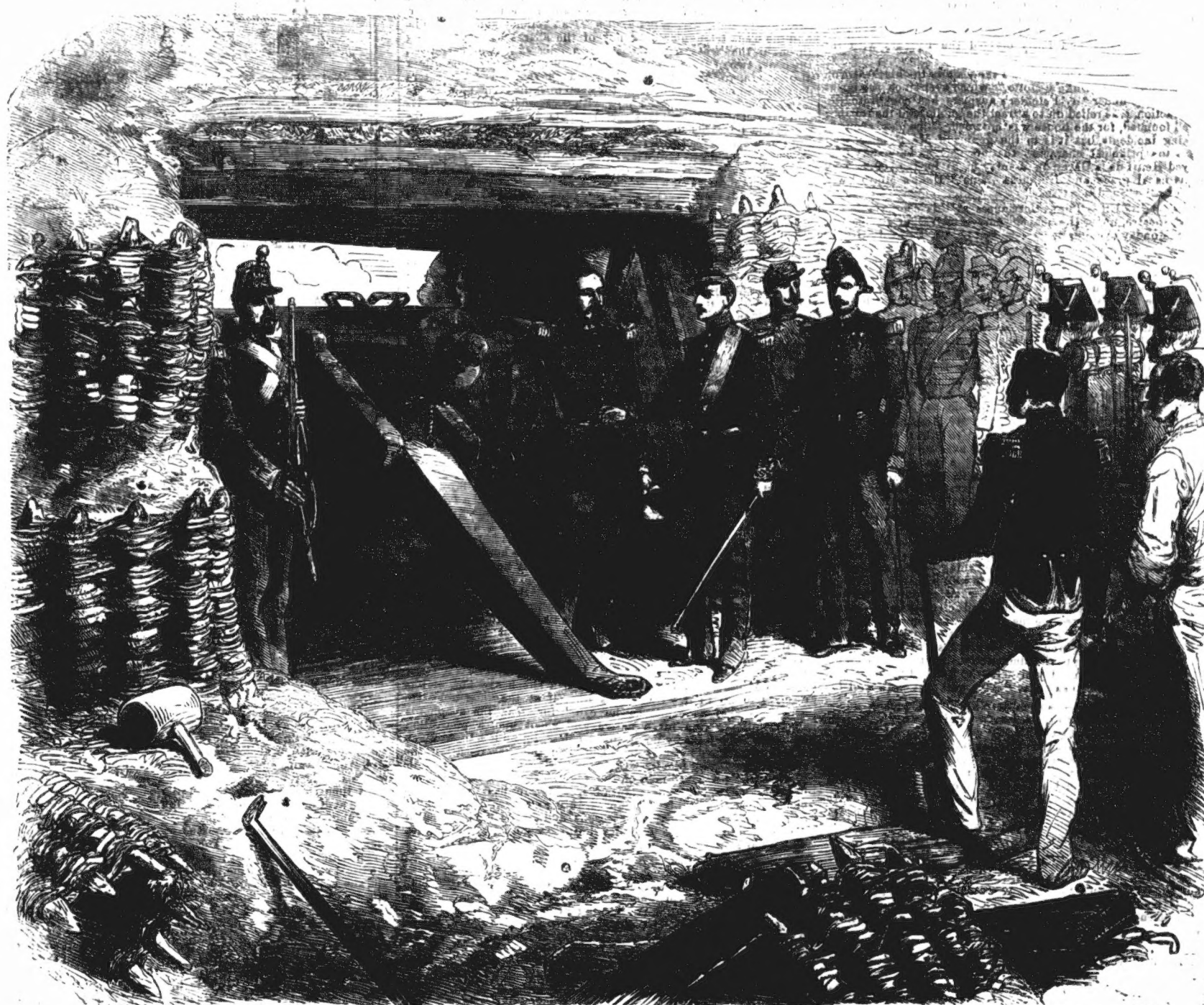
The rapid advancement made by such towns as this one is a remarkable proof of the progress of the nation. The small houses and shops at the sides of the engraving were thirty years ago classed amongst the best in the town; they now, however, present a curious contrast. It is to be regretted that while there is so much to admire in this great centre of industry and commerce, that several districts are not yet in a very satisfactory sanitary condition; we trust, however, that the intelligent men of Newcastle will not long allow this blot to remain on the capital of the north of England.



NEW PUBLIC BUILDINGS AT NEWCASTLE ON TYNE. (See page 535.)



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE MISSISSIPPI BY THE CONFEDERATES. (See page 538)



GENERAL LEE INSPECTING A CONFEDERATE BATTERY AT FREDERICKSBURG. (See page 531)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

THE WHITSUN HOLIDAYS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE annual holiday was taken advantage of, as usual, by large bodies of the artisans of London, who with their wives and children flocked out of town by every outlet which road, river, and rail have placed at their disposal, or wended their way through the streets to the various exhibitions and places of amusement, which, on whatever other day they may be closed, are always open on Whit-Monday. The unusual severe coldness of the weather had its effect in thinning the streets to some extent, particularly in the case of women and young children; still it was impossible to go out in any direction without having it impressed upon more than one sense that this was one of the breaks in the otherwise ceaseless whirl of London industry. Among the great points of attraction were the British Museum, the South Kensington Museum, and the National Gallery, at each of which many thousands of visitors were congregated in the course of the day, and among them all the greatest order prevailed. The other exhibitions had their full share of delighted visitors.

MR. LUMLEY'S BENEFIT PERFORMANCES.—The first of the three benefit concerts for the respected ex-director of Her Majesty's Theatre, which were to have been given at the Haymarket opera-house, took place on Monday evening at Drury Lane. The building was crowded to the ceiling; an extraordinary number of stalls added for the occasion were, like the private boxes (also unusually numerous), filled by most fashionable company, and the general appearance of the theatre reminded us of the palmiest days of Mr. Lumley's managerial reign at the "old house." The opera selected for the present occasion was that in which Madlle. Piccolomini first appeared before the London public, and in one night achieved the universal fame that has endured to this moment and brought her a large fortune. Need we name "La Traviata," or remind our readers that nobody has ever portrayed that unhappy heroine of the *demi-monde*, Violetta Valery, so truthfully or beautifully as Madlle. Piccolomini?—her thoroughly natural acting throughout the touching last act was generally regarded as one of the great triumphs of the modern lyric stage?—the thrilling pathos, the spontaneous emotion she threw into the delineation of the repentant dying girl, who feels herself called away just at the moment when the only pure love of her life is about to be requited, was so much admired by the public that some stern moralists of the press thought themselves bound to oppose the heartfelt sympathy Madlle. Piccolomini had awakened for an "unworthy object" by attacking the opera itself? All these matters are doubtless well remembered, and, supposing the moral objections to the story to be well founded, so much greater the triumph of the artist who could render a repulsive character sufficiently attractive to draw crowds to the theatre night after night for many months. On such an occasion as this we should offer no critical remarks whatever if we did not feel ourselves in a position to satisfy curiosity in the most flattering manner possible to the object of it. Madlle. Piccolomini's greatest triumphs were achieved, as formerly, in the great duet with Germont, "Pace si come un angelo;" the solo, "O! Dio morir si giovane;" and the duet, "Parigi O cara," the latter of which was enthusiastically encored though not repeated. The lady was most efficiently supported by Signor Giuglini, who sang his very best throughout, and fairly divided the honours with the heroine of the evening.

LYCEUM.—No new piece awaited the visitors to this theatre on Monday night. The "Duke's Motto," which ever since the opening of the house under Mr. Fletcher's auspices has constituted its chief attraction, was relied on to attract the public, and the reliance was well founded, for the house was crowded. The play abounds in striking incidents, but it is to the genius of Mr. Fletcher, who performs the principal character, that its success is mainly due. He played Henri de la Garde on Monday night for the 109th time, with his usual grace and freshness. The "Duke's Motto" was preceded by "A Sudden Attack."

WESTMINSTER.—The performances at this comfortable and favourite theatre, under the management of Mr. Dion Boucicault, being on Monday evening for the benefit of Mr. Edward Stirling, the acting manager, commenced with Mr. Stirling's two act burlesque of Charles Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby; or, the Doings at Do-the-boys Hall," which was followed by Mr. Boucicault's "Colleen Bawn," and concluded with a Scottish ballet, entitled "Love in the Highlands," by the Lauri family. In the burlesque Mr. Stirling took the part of Newman Noggs, and he invested the character with a dramatic importance which it might easily lose in less amiable hands. Mr. Mellon, as Mr. Ralph Nickleby; Mr. H. J. Montague, as the nephew, Nicholas Nickleby; Mr. H. Vandenhoff, as the pretty man milliner; Miss Edith Stuart, as the disowned and persecuted Smike; Mr. Dewar, as the pedagogue; Mr. Leeson, as the Yorkshireman, John Browdie; and Miss Rose Leclercq, as Madame Mantalini, did full justice to those characters.

SURREY.—This Whitsuntide holidays Mr. Edmund Falconer's drama "Peep o' Day" has been transplanted from the north side of the Thames to the south, and was on Monday evening presented to a crowded audience at the Surrey Theatre. Already almost unprecedentedly popular in one-half of London, its reception in its new quarters promises another long lease of popularity in the other; especially so as not only has the piece itself migrated across the water, but Mr. Henry Lorraine, and with him most of the Drury Lane company, have accompanied it to its new home. Any detail of its plot and of the striking incidents with which it abounds would be a three-fold tale to most playgoers, and to those near to whose dwelling it is now located the best thing we can say is "go and see it for yourselves." The piece was well put upon the stage; of course the acting was good, and once or twice during the performance several of the principal actors and actresses had to appear in front of the curtain to receive the ovation they so well merited. The evening's amusement was wound up with the farce "Rough Diamonds," and however much the "severities" of what is now almost summer according to the almanack tended to destroy all out door amusements, those holiday makers who finished the day at the Surrey will be inclined to say that "All's well that ends well."

CRYSTAL PALACE.—As usual at Whitsuntide, popular amusements and sports adapted to the season were given daily during the week. On Monday, Mr. Coxwell made an ascent in his Mammoth Balloon, to which so much public interest is now attached, from the graphic accounts which have appeared in the papers of the intrepid scientific ascents of Mr. Glaisher for the British Association. Besides the ordinary musical arrangements, comprising the orchestral band of the company and the great organ, the band of the Coldstream Guards also gave their aid in the great performances of music on the Handel Orchestra. Interspersed with the music, a variety of amusing performances were given by the two celebrated French clowns, Arthur and Bertrand; the Elliott Family; Chadwick, the grotesque; Barnes, the champion vaulter, who has been known to throw upwards of ninety somersaults in succession, and Silvani, the extraordinary leaper. As no holiday fete at the Crystal Palace is considered complete without Mackney, he added to the amusements by a selection of his whimsicalities and imitations.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE STEAM SHIP MISSISSIPPI.

THE engraving in page 537 represents a Confederate flying battery from Vicksburg playing upon the stranded Federal frigate, Mississippi.

FACTS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

[From the Dundee Advertiser.]

In 1841, a fine new barque, the Peruvian, lay in our docks, about to sail on her first voyage. Her builder was Mr. Alexander Stephen, then of Arbroath—her owner Captain Pitkethly of Newburgh—and her commander the captain's son. The builder, then a young man, was destined to achieve fortune and distinction in his vocation—the owner, an aged sea captain, was a man who had already achieved both—the commander, a handsome and fine-spirited youth, the worthy son of a worthy father, was newly married to the only daughter of his landlady—the ship, a tidy little barque, was an object of interest at the shore.

An interval of five years sees the captain and his wife on board the Peruvian, near the Australian coast. They have made the passage from London to Sydney, from Sydney to China, from China back to Sydney, and now they are once more on their way back from Australia to the Chinese seas. They have on board a crew of fourteen, inclusive of two blacks, and they had in addition seven passengers, exclusive of an infant. After a week of high winds, ending in a tempest, new sails are bent on the ship in the room of those blown away, and the vigilant Captain Pitkethly, on retiring to rest, gives special instructions to the second mate to keep a good look-out for broken water.

But the officer on duty, apparently afraid to trust his own judgment, hesitated when he should have acted. He went to call the captain, when, with breakers ahead, he should have instantly brought the ship to the wind. On the Bampton shoals, above a hundred miles from the coast, the Peruvian struck, and struck in so heavy a sea that the second mate lifted her high upon the shoal, where she remained. The second mate was the first to suffer for his fault, the starboard boat and he being swept away at the same time. The remaining boats were lost in the attempt to launch them, and with them was lost the brother of the captain. Here, on a semicircular reef, away from the track of ships, and without any means of communicating with the remote coast of Australia, lay the ship Peruvian of Dundee, with twenty of her twenty-two souls looking out with sad, hopeless faces over the angry sea.

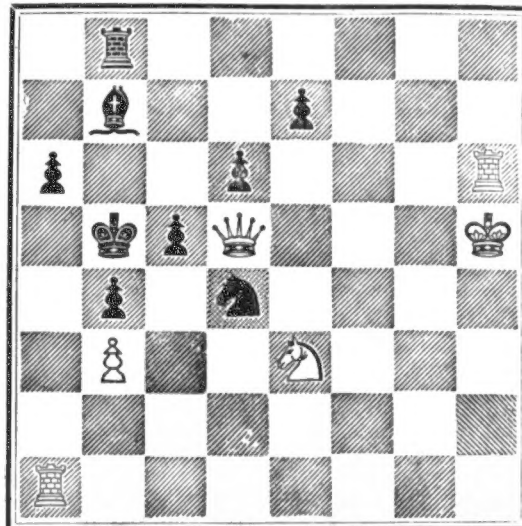
There is but one alternative. They will construct a raft. On this flat structure, level with the water, the twenty persons put to sea. They have a cask of water, a few sodden biscuits, and some tins of bouilli and soup to save them from famine, and beneath their feet a few spars stoutly lashed together, and buoyed with empty casks to keep them above the sea. Twenty-two days they drift about, and yet the twenty remain alive. Their lips are parched; their eyes seem to project as if starting out from pinched faces, on which the skins lie like parchment coverings drying on a framework of bone. Now and then, some weary birds alight on the raft, and are devoured raw, their blood helping to keep alive the dessicated skeletons of women and men; and now and then some shark, of the number which follow with ominous instinct the doomed band is made to feed those on whom it and its black-finned, wide-jawed company were expecting to prey. On the twenty-second day there is a thrill of hope, and the dying ones lift their heads and look with stony fixedness over the sea. The topsails of a brig are visible in the horizon, and those sails are to them as the tips of the wings of the angel of deliverance. Cruel is the anguish of their disappointment as the sails disappear with the freshening breeze, and leave them to despair. Mr. Quarry dies, Mr. Wilnot dies, Mrs. Wilnot and infant die, and the black triangular-back fins of the sharks come plunging through the water in menacing numbers. The carpenter, the cook, two of the sailors, the two blacks, and two apprentices also give in, and the raft swims lighter as the ravenous sea monsters dart like so many diamonds of the deep towards their new found prey. The eyes are mocked now with occasional glimpses of diaphanous capes, but the ungainly structure drifts with the current backwards and forwards between the coral banks, and day follows day, and the moon waxes and wanes upon the living death of the remnant on the fated raft before it drifts on the beach.

On the forty-second day the survivors escape, more dead than alive, to the shore. It is a strange coast, and apparently uninhabited. Mr. Wilnot (a passenger) and Gooley (one of the crew) crawled to a stream of fresh water, and there lay down and gasped away their feeble remains of life by its side. Millar, the sailmaker, wanders away in a canoe which he finds on the beach, and is never more seen until his body is found by the natives. Now four of the twenty alone remained. Mr. and Mrs. Pitkethly, a sailor boy, and the stout seaman, Morrill, constitute the surviving four—for fourteen days they shelter in a cave, living on shell-fish, but are at last startled, like Crusoe, by the signs of human life. There is a sound of human voices, and on looking out of the cave, a troop of naked savages are as much surprised at the appearance of Europeans. Signalled to approach, the tattooed savages draw near, and with childish amazement examine the pale faces. By a series of signs the rude children of nature are made to know something of the wants and woes of the white people, and touched with pity, these "barbarians" show the poor castaways, their guests, "no little kindness." Two years of captivity elapse, and the boy Wilson sickens and expires. The homeless exposed life of the natives, with its sleeping on the ground, and its diet of roots and fish, brings on sickness, and close by two little hills, Capt. Pitkethly and his wife lie side by side, and Morrill alone remains alive. Morrill accommodates himself as best he can to the habits of the people, and his iron frame lives on. He becomes a reddish-brown by exposure to the sun; he grows to be a favourite and a friend of some of his protectors; devoid of clothes, wild of aspect, and accustomed to the habits and the dialect of the people, he begins to forget his mother tongue, and to regard himself as lost to the civilised world. Sometimes a sail will appear in the horizon, and one day a barque stands nearer in than usual, but he has no means of communication, and dare not make known his desire to escape. His difficulty is much increased by the barbarity of the people of his own race. The natives of Queensland camp far away from the haunts of the white man, whom they regard as a heartless and indiscriminating destroyer, ready to shoot them on the smallest pretence, and thus Morrill is kept far from the confines of civilization. At last the natives think they can trust the pale face, and he is permitted to join a party of kangaroo hunters. A black woman informs him that she has seen a shepherd's hut, and he resolves to go to it. He washes himself at the water-hole "to make his skin as white as he can," for fear the shepherds should mistake him for a native and shoot him, a precaution which he soon finds by no means needless, for no less than fifteen of his party have recently been shot, and the first remark of the shepherd on seeing him is, "Come and bring out the guns, Wilson. There's a naked man on the fence." He struggles to make himself known, but he is scant of words. He has forgotten his mother tongue, and his wild appearance and bewildered manner are against him. At last he succeeds, and makes the first use of his freedom to denounce the indiscriminate shooting of the natives which the settlers carry on.

THE ALABAMA.—A letter from Pernambuco, [dated the 30th ultimo, just received in London, states that the Alabama is off the coast of Fernando Noronha, burning Federal ships as fast as she encounters them. A small schooner from the island brought 60 Americans whom the Confederate cruiser had put on shore there, and left about 40 more for whom there was no room. The Brazilian authorities had, it would appear, ordered the Alabama to leave within twenty-four hours. The writer says:—She (the Alabama) has burned six ships by the last account. One of them, luckily for the Southerners, was loaded with coal, which will, I suppose, keep her going for some time."

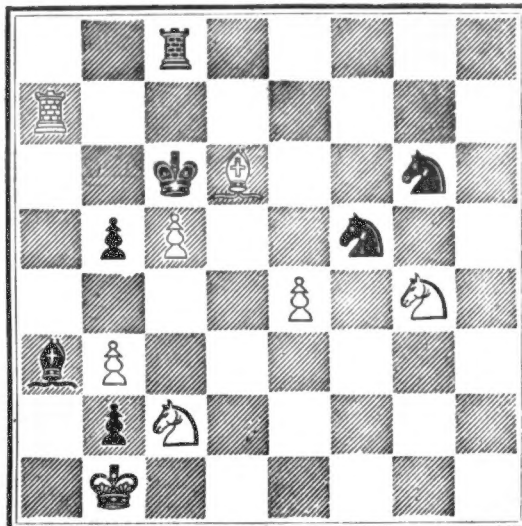
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 111.—By J. W. ABBOTT.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 112.—By Mr. L.
(For the Juveniles.)
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 107.

- | White. | Black. |
|------------------------|-------------|
| 1. B to Kt 3 | 1. R to Q 7 |
| 2. B to R 4 | 2. P to Q 3 |
| 3. B to Kt 3 | 3. R to Q 4 |
| 4. R to B 2 | 4. R covers |
| 5. B takes R and mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 108.

- | White. | Black. |
|------------------------|---------------|
| 1. Kt to Q B 4 (ch) | 1. B takes Kt |
| 2. Q checks | 2. P takes Q |
| 3. B to Q 5 (dis ch) | 3. R takes R |
| 4. B takes P and mates | |

A. HATTON.—If you have not moved the Rook with which you propose to Castle, and your King has not been moved, you may Castle, notwithstanding his Majesty may have been checked several times.

B. J.—Problem No. 103 is quite sound. The White Pawn on K Kt 5 is placed there to prevent White from mating in two moves. The Black Pawn on K R 7 is necessary, in order to give Black a move. If that Pawn were removed from the board, and White took the Pawn on Q Kt's 6, Black would be stalemated.

J. WARD.—Your problem shall appear as an enigma at the earliest opportunity.

G. W. B.—Unless Black, in the problem to which you allude, took the Pawn en passant, he would be mated. This we consider to be a sufficient answer to the questions which have been raised on the subject of taking en passant.

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH THROUGH CORRECTING A CHILD.—An inquiry was held by Mr. William Payne, the City coroner, on Tuesday, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, relative to the death of Mrs. Anne Evans, aged eighty-two. — George Simonds said deceased was his mother, and she resided at No. 32, Bartholomew-close. A short time since witness's children quarrelled while they were sitting at dinner, and one of them, James, who was five or six years old, flung a spoon at his sister. The old lady went over to him to give him a slap on the hand. He had a long sharp dinner knife in his hand with the point upwards, and upon it deceased's hand came down with such force that it entered at the palm, and came out at the back, beyond which the blade protruded. An artery was severed and she lost a great deal of blood. She was removed to the hospital, where all treatment proved unavailing, and she died from the wound. She was stated to be somewhat near-sighted from her great age. Verdict, "Accidental Death."

The question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. Those of Newton, Wilson, & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of this description.—[Advt.]

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

MANION HOUSE.

AN IMPUDENT JEREMY DIDDLE—James Halliday Bowen, a respectable man, said to reside in Hall, was brought before Alderman Bealey on the charge of illegally disposing of a shaving-brush. The circumstances were peculiar, though the charge itself was trivial. The complainant was Isaac Rooke, a coffee-shop keeper in Houndsditch. He said the prisoner, whom he had slightly known before as a casual customer, recently came to his house and stayed some days. He ran up a bill to the amount of £1 13s. He left without paying it, and took away a shaving-brush belonging to witness. The day after the prisoner had gone witness received a letter from him, the postage of which was not prepaid. This mislaid, the reading of which caused some amusement in court, was as follows:—"London, May 5.—Dear Mr. Rooke,—I've left somewhat suddenly; your bill has frightened me clean off. Fortunately I did not look at it until I had dined yesterday, or I should have left my mutton chop as well. I've not been able to eat or drink since at my own expense. I have enclosed you my I O U for £2; pay yourself, the chambermaid, and 'boots.' I will call for the change on my return. I must have a little fresh air, the purities of Houndsditch having nearly stifled me. I remain, dear Mr. Rooke, yours, faithfully, James H. Bowen. P.S.—I will take particular care of your walkingstick, latter-brush, and wife's stocking box (I was going to say jewel box). Turn the empty claret bottles into money." He met the prisoner by chance, and gave him into custody of a policeman. The prisoner admitted writing the letter and taking the shaving-brush, which, he said, he intended to return. In reply to the Alderman, he said he had come to London to prove the will of a relative, and he handed up a letter in confirmation of his story. Alderman Bealey, telling the prisoner he had done an impudent thing in writing such a letter and in not paying the postage, fined him 1s. 6d., the value of the brush, and 20s. besides, with the alternative of three weeks' imprisonment.

WESTMINSTER.

CREMORNE RIOTERS.—Reginald Herbert, John Birkett, and John Edward Saville, gentlemen, were charged with creating a disturbance at Cremorne, and some of the defendants were charged with committing assaults upon the police. Evidence was given to show that all the prisoners had been engaged in the disgraceful riots that had taken place in the Cremorne-gardens, when a number of men joined together and swept before them the unoffending visitors, inflicting injuries upon them, and yelling, shouting, and making the most hideous noises. The defendants admitted the charge, and were admitted to bail. Herbert Shawness was charged with being concerned in the disturbance. He was held to bail in sureties of £100 to appear in a week. Henry Bailey, county magistrate, was next charged, and alleged that he was only one of the crowd, and though pushed about without any power to guide himself, he never once attacked any one, nor made any disturbance whatever. He was discharged, the magistrate being of opinion that he was unable to avoid mixing with the crowd, but that he had done nothing more. Charles E. McDougal was charged with being concerned in the disturbance. He was ordered to find security to appear.

CLERKENWELL.

VICTIMISING THE JEWELLERS.—Alfred Pennington, a surveyor, residing at 15, Gunning-street, Clerkenwell, was charged with stealing rings, chains, and other jewellery. Mr. Lewis, of Wellington-square, attended for the prosecution; and Mr. John Wakeling, of Great Percy-street, Clerkenwell, attended for the defence. Mr. Alfred Garter, manufacturing jeweller, of 27, Matilda-street, Caledonian-road, said that on the 2nd of February the prisoner called on him and said he was in her Majesty's service, and was going to Calcutta as a civil engineer. He said he wanted about £200 worth of jewellery to take out with him. He was shown several articles, and he picked out a number, which he directed should be packed up. He said he would call and pay for them at four o'clock. When he was gone the witness missed a diamond and ruby half-gold ring. He was certain that no one else could have taken it, as no one entered after the prisoner had gone. He went out and looked after the prisoner, and not being able to find him he returned and went over his stock. He then missed another ring. The value of the two was about £10. The prisoner never came to his shop again. When the prisoner came he said he had paid him a visit because, as he was a manufacturer, he thought he could get them cheaper. He also said he was going abroad in three weeks, and would do all he could to give him a good turn. Mr. Henry Greenwood, jeweller, of 17, Hanway-street, Oxford-street, said that last week the prisoner called at his father's shop, and said he was a captain of a ship, and wanted twelve gold chains to ship to Calcutta. He was told that they had not then exactly the articles that would suit him, and he was requested to call next day, at eleven o'clock. He did so, and he selected about eight chains, and told witness to make out the invoice while he went into Soho-square. He was about to leave the shop when a detective stopped him and took a chain from him as he was in the act of dropping it into a parcel of chains that had been shown him. The value of the chain was £7 10s. The prisoner, when he was taken into custody, said he had never had the chain. In cross-examination by Mr. Wakeling the witness stated that he did not see the prisoner take the chain. He had not moved away. Police-constable Richard Fawell, 425 A, said that by arrangements he was at Mr. Greenwood's on Friday, the 15th inst., and saw the prisoner enter the shop about eleven o'clock. The witness went out into the street and looked through the window. When the prisoner was coming out, and had got on the threshold of the door, he stopped him, and told him he should take him into custody for stealing seventeen gold rings from Mr. Joseph, jeweller, of Wilderness-row, Clerkenwell, on the 30th of last month. The prisoner said the witness must have made a mistake. He was then about to search him in the shop, when he made for the counter, and put his left hand to his breast. The witness immediately seized his left hand, and found the gold chain produced. Mr. John Kirby, manufacturing jeweller, of Kirby-street, Hatton-garden, said the prisoner came to his manufactory on Thursday the 2nd of April, and said he wanted to select some goods, as he had £200 or £300 to lay out. He also said that he had an appointment in Her Majesty's Civil Service, and was going to Calcutta, and that he thought the best way to invest his money was to purchase jewellery. He was shown gold rings, lockets, and chains, and he selected as many as would come to £100. He left saying that, as it would take some time to make out the invoice, he would call in two hours to pay for them. As soon as he was gone the witness locked up all the articles which had been taken out in an iron safe, and then went away for about ten minutes. He went and looked over his stock, and missed two gem and two signet rings, as well as signet lockets and other articles amounting in value to between £40 and £50. The articles that were missing were all shown to the prisoner, and none of them have been found. Mr. Joseph, jeweller, of 5, Wilderness-row, said that the prisoner called on him and represented that he was a clerk in the civil service. He at the same time stated that he required some gold rings to take with him to Calcutta. He selected property to the value of about £12, and said he would call and pay for it in the afternoon. He never returned, and he did not see him again until he was in custody. A short time after the prisoner had gone he missed seventeen gold rings from the different lots he had been showing him. He had since redeemed five of the gold rings, which had been pawned the same day by the prisoner. The value of the property the prisoner stole from him was £7 10s. He counted the rings out to the prisoner as he gave them to him. Mr. Lewis said he had eight jewellers in court who were ready to prefer charges of robbery against the prisoner. Mr. D'Eyncourt fully committed the prisoner on four charges, and refused bail.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

SINGULAR HISTORY OF A THIEF.—RECONNOITRING IN MAY-FAIR.—Thomas Coyle, a tall, thin man with one arm, and James Goldsmith, both of whom lodge at low lodging-houses in the neighbourhood of Tottenham-street, Westminster, were charged before Mr. Knox with loitering in Curzon-street, Chesterfield-street, and Queen-street, May-fair, and going down several areas, for the purpose of committing felony. William Kelly, 52 C, said that the other afternoon, about five o'clock, he saw the two prisoners loitering in the neighbourhood of Curzon-street. He watched, and saw Coyle go down several areas, while Goldsmith waited for him at the top. Knowing that they had both been in custody for robbery, he took them into custody, when Coyle said that he had been to one of the houses, No. 4, Queen-street, to ask the housekeeper for a letter for the hospital, and on his taking the prisoner there, the housekeeper said that Coyle had asked for a letter. Goldsmith said that he only went with Coyle to assist him in getting the letter. At the station, the prisoners were searched, but nothing was found on them, and on making inquiries, he found they lived at a very low lodging-house in St. Ann's-street, Westminster. Mr. Knox asked if anything was known of the prisoners, when Sergeant Birch, a most experienced officer, gave the magistrate the following history of Coyle:—He said that two years ago Coyle was tried at the Clerkenwell Sessions, and was convicted and sentenced to two years' imprisonment for going to a house in Bolton-street, and, while the servant went to ask a question for prisoner, stealing a purse containing a cheque on Messrs. Coombs and Co.'s bank for £20 and a number of sovereigns and shillings belonging to the Rev. Mr. Smith, a clergyman, from Dorsetshire. On the day Coyle was taken into custody on the above charge he had been to the house of the Hon. W. Walpole,

Lowndes-street, Belgrave-square, and stolen a chronometer of the value of fifty guineas, having asked the servant to get him a sheet of note-paper that he might write a letter to the gentleman at the house. He had also stolen some property from the drawing-room of the Messrs. Maidland, in Grosvenor-place. He also attempted a similar thing at Lady Somers's, Grosvenor-place. At one house he visited he introduced himself to a lady of title, and shook hands with her, passing himself off as one of the Russell family, but the lady found out the imposition and instantly ordered him to leave the house. He also called at Lord Howe's, Curzon House, May-fair, and Lord Howe, seeing that he was an impostor, had him turned out of the house. Several other persons have been also visited by Coyle, to their misfortune. Goldsmith has also been unfavourably known to the police, it being his practice to call at houses with French polish, and after leaving, several things have been missed. He is also known as the associate of thieves. Mr. Knox committed them for three months each, with hard labour.

THAMES.

SHOCKING CASE OF ROBBERY.—Sarah Chislett, aged 14, was brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with stealing various sums of money, and Elizabeth Moss, 39, the wife of a mechanic, was charged with feloniously receiving the same, well knowing the money was stolen. Mr. Christopher Chislett, a grocer and tea dealer, of No. 24, Narrow-street, Limehouse, said the younger prisoner was his daughter, and occasionally waited upon customers in his shop. In the course of the last three or four weeks he had repeatedly missed cash from his till. His losses becoming very serious, he began to suspect his daughter was the thief. He watched her closely, and looked into his till every hour. Each time he did so he missed one or two shillings. In the afternoon he sent his daughter out upon an errand, and determined upon ascertaining who her confederates were. For that purpose he followed her to some distance. Instead of taking the route she ought to have taken, she proceeded to the dwelling of the prisoner Moss, in Oak-lane, Limehouse. She went into the house and closed the door after her. He knocked and was admitted by Mrs. Moss. He asked her if his daughter was there, to which Mrs. Moss answered in the negative. He went into the room, and saw his daughter seated there. A purse containing 16s. 8d. was on the table before her. He asked the girl where she obtained that money, and she said she had taken it out of his till, and was about to give it to Mrs. Moss when he knocked at the door. He gave both prisoners into custody. He had since entered upon an investigation, and was convinced that his daughter had been robbing him for some time, and that Mrs. Moss had received a great portion of the stolen money. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday he missed silver and copper moneys from his till, and again on Thursday. His daughter concealed the money under her bed as fast as she took it, and intended to have given a handful of silver to Mrs. Moss, and go out for a day's amusement while Mr. Moss was at Epson, but owing to the rainy weather on the Wednesday the elder prisoner's husband did not go to the Derby and the holiday was postponed. His daughter had procured a gross imposition. A new Baptist chapel was about to be built on Stepney-green under the auspices of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon. He was collecting subscriptions for the chapel, and he sent his daughter out to ask some of the tradesmen in the neighbourhood of Stepney to subscribe. She took a considerable sum out of his till, obtained coppers for the silver with the assistance of the elder prisoner, and a fictitious subscription list was made out by this woman, which his daughter returned to him as the amount she collected. Amelia Chislett, aged eleven, stated that she had accompanied her elder sister to the dwelling of Mrs. Moss and staid to tea with her. On Sunday evening last she saw her sister give Mrs. Moss 15s., which she put in her pocket. She had seen her sister take money out of her father's till several times. Edwin Clay, a police-constable, 221 K, said that on taking the elder prisoner into custody and making her acquainted with the charge she exclaimed, "Oh, my God! I never received any money of the girl; it was a boy who did so." Mrs. Moss turned round to the girl and said: "I saw you give the boy, Master Bunning, 20s. to buy new clothes. The girl: Yes, and you had a good deal of the money I took from my father's till, and you told me to get more. Mr. Woolrych said he could not find language to express his abhorrence of the elder prisoner's conduct. He should commit both prisoners for trial.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.—John Hurley, a notorious thief, and Elizabeth Brown, his sister, a woman of the town, both well known to the police, were brought before Mr. Woolrych, charged with assaulting and robbing a seaman named Robert Montgomery. This case was a very aggravated one. The prosecutor, who appeared to be suffering from the brutal violence inflicted upon him, was dwelling in the Back-road, St. George's-in-the-East. He was on his way home, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock on Tuesday morning, when he was suddenly attacked close to the northern end of a vile place called Victoria-street, and thrown down and plundered. He was directed by the magistrate to state more particularly what occurred, and he said he was seized by the neck from behind. His throat was compressed, and he was nearly choked, he staggered, and was thrown to the ground. There were five or six upon him, his pockets were rifled, and all his money, consisting of a 25 Bank of England note, four sovereigns and some silver taken. His silk handkerchief and cap were also taken away. He partially recovered when the people were robbing him, and sang out for the police as well as he could. In answer Mr. Woolrych, the witness said he was a little gone with liquor; in fact he had been drinking a good deal, but he knew all that occurred, and what money he had in his pockets. In answer to the prisoner Hurley, the witness said: "I can swear to you; I know well you laid hold of me, and held me down while my pockets were rifled. I said to you, 'I shall know you again well.' William Logan, a sailor, deposed: I was at the top of Victoria-street; I heard a man screaming out. I looked round, and saw the prisoners on the top of the last witness. The chap there (pointing to Hurley) caught him by the back of the neck and choked him. It was the most brutal thing I ever saw. The woman was rifling his pockets. There were people all around. I saw both prisoners leave the sailor on the ground after they had robbed him of all he had. John Lyons, who said he was a dock labourer by day, and a professional by night, gave similar evidence, and said that Hurley spoke to him after the robbery was committed. He was seated on a step humming a song when the prisoners had the sailor down, and were rifling his pockets. He dared not interfere as there were always so many thieves, ruffians, and prostitutes about Victoria-street. He was taken into custody by mistake, and he told the police all he knew. Hurley asked him about the tickets for his benefit, and how he got on after committing the outrage and robbery. Evidence of former convictions was given. Hurley was convicted of robbing six years ago and sentenced to four years' penal servitude. There were other convictions against him. Mr. Woolrych: This is a highway robbery with violence. The prisoners are committed for trial.

SOUTHWARK.

A SUSPECTED RAILWAY THIEF.—Susan Spencer, a middle-aged woman of respectable appearance, cook in the service of Mr. Jackson, of Rosehill, Lee-park, was charged on remand with stealing a leather travelling bag from one of the waiting-rooms of the North Kent Railway Terminus, London-bridge. Mr. Robinson, law clerk to the company, attended to prosecute. Mrs. Susan Herschfield said that about eight o'clock on the evening of Monday, the 19th, she entered the first-class waiting-room of the North Kent Railway for the purpose of remaining until the mail train was ready. She saw the prisoner sitting there, and a large leather travelling bag on the ground about a yard from her. She pulled that towards her, and suddenly took it up, and left the room with it. The witness paid no particular attention to it at the time, but about two minutes afterwards a passenger came into the waiting-room, and, after looking round in a careful manner, asked her if she had seen any one take a leather travelling bag away? She replied that a lady had just carried one out, and that she could recognise her if she saw her again. A train was then about to start for Maidstone, when the witness proceeded to the platform, and pointed out the prisoner sitting in one of the carriages with the bag concealed under the seat. Edward Green, a fish-monger, said he was one of the passengers by the train then about to start. He saw the prisoner get into the same compartment with a leather travelling bag, which she put under the seat and concealed. A moment or so after that last witness came, and, after looking into the carriage, went away. She returned immediately with some of the railway officials and a passenger, who said he had lost a black travelling bag from the waiting-room. Mrs. Herschfield pointed out the prisoner, saying, "That woman has got your bag." Witness also said he had seen her bring a bag in with her. The prisoner denied that and said they must be mistaken, but when a constable came up, she put her hand under the seat and pulled out the bag, saying "Take it and say nothing more about it." When the detective called her out of the carriage she said she was very sorry for it, as she never did such a thing before. George Holmes, a detective officer of the M Division, confirmed the previous testimony. Mr. Jackson here came forward and said that the prisoner had been in his service as a cook about two years. He had always a good opinion of her. That day she was out for a holiday. The prisoner, in answer to the charge, said that while she was sitting in the waiting-room a gentleman came up with a leather bag, and putting it down by her asked her to take care of it. Finding her train was about to start and the gentleman not coming back she took up the bag, and not meeting him on the platform she took it into the carriage with her, intending to leave it at the Blackheath Station, where she intended to alight. The reason why she denied having it to Mrs. Herschfield was because she thought that she wanted to get possession of it improperly. Thomas Webb,

a ticket collector, in the employ of the company, said he saw the prisoner in the railway carriage, and when he asked her if she had a leather bag with her she denied it. When the owner came up with the constable and was about to search for it she pulled it from under the seat and handed it to him, begging that he would forgive her as she never did such a thing before. Mr. Burcham committed her for trial.

HEARTLESS ROBBERY AT A SERVANTS' HOME.—Susan Cummings, a young woman about 21 years of age, was placed at the bar charged with stealing a pair of boots, a woollen shawl, and other articles of wearing apparel, the property of two of the inmates of the Servants' Home, No. 88, Blackfriars-road. Mrs. Margaret Garrard said she was the matron of the Servants' Home, No. 88, Blackfriars-road, where young women who had good characters were received until situations were procured for them. The prisoner called at the house under the pretence of looking for a situation, while the young women who were inmates of the place were out or employed in the lower part of the house. She was missed suddenly, and on two of the females going up to their sleeping apartment they discovered their boxes open and missed a pair of boots, a woollen shawl, and two articles of under-clothing; information was given to the police, and the prisoner was shortly afterwards apprehended with the property in her possession. Eliza Thomas, a very respectable-looking young woman, said she was at present an inmate of the Servants' Home, 88, Blackfriars-road, but was going to a situation that day. She was absent from her room a little while, and when she returned she found that some one had been in, and she missed her boots. Those produced by the constable, and which she herself took off the prisoner's feet, were her property. Another inmate also identified the shawl and other articles found on the prisoner as her property. A police-constable of the L division said he received information of the robbery and met the prisoner shortly afterwards in the New-cut. He took her back to the house, when the shawl and boots which she had on were identified by the two witnesses, and Mrs. Garrard gave her into custody. The prisoner pleaded guilty to the charge, and said that she was in great distress or should not have stolen the property. Mrs. Garrard informed his worship that if the prisoner had waited and told her of her distressed condition she would at least have relieved her with a trifle of money, and had her character been good she would have admitted her, and obtained a situation for her. The magistrate told the prisoner that she had committed a heartless robbery on a young woman as poor as herself. He sentenced her to a month's hard labour.

HONORABLE MURDER.—Mr. Thomas Liddbetter, aged 63, a cabinet-maker and licensed victualler's filer, was charged with the wilful murder of Martha Liddbetter, his wife, aged fifty-nine, also with cutting and wounding Daniel Liddbetter, his son, aged seventeen, with intent to murder him, at his residence, No. 28, Borough-road, Southwark. After the charge had been read over to the prisoner, he said, in answer to the magistrate, that he had no legal adviser present. Joseph Allen, 39 M, was sworn. He said about half-past seven this (Monday) morning, I was on duty near the Obelisk, at the east end of the Borough-road, when my attention was called to No. 28, Borough-road, in the occupation of the prisoner. The shop was closed, but the street door was open. I went up-stairs, and in the back room of the first floor I saw two beds close by each other. On one I saw Mrs. Liddbetter, the prisoner's wife, lying quite dead, with her throat cut from ear to ear. On the adjoining bed I perceived a young man lying senseless on his back, with his throat cut frightfully. I at once sent for Dr. Walter Hart, surgeon, Stone's-end, who immediately attended. He directed Marsh, 92 M, to convey the young man to Guy's Hospital. I have since ascertained that that young man is the prisoner's son, and that he is a cripple and an imbecile. As soon as Marsh removed the young man to Guy's Hospital, with the assistance of other constables, I went to the shop of Mr. Pugh, the chemist, across the road, at the corner of Great Union-street, and there I saw the prisoner standing near the counter. I told him that he was charged with the murder of his wife, and cutting and wounding his son. In reply he said, "Yes, it's all right; I did it with a razor." I then took him to the station-house and charged him with the murder and cutting and wounding. He made no remark. After I had locked him up I returned to the house, No. 28, Borough-road, and then I ascertained that the prisoner had made an attempt to hang himself after committing the murder. He has another son in the business, much older than the cripple, but he was not at home, having gone on a holiday excursion at a very early hour. Dr. Hart, who was sent for, said that the body of the woman was warm, and that death must likely have taken place an hour previously. John Marsh, 92 M, said he took the young man to the hospital, and on his return he asked the prisoner where the instrument was that he had used. He replied, "You'll find it in the front room." The witness went there, and found the razor produced, covered with blood. There was also on the table a large, long-bladed, and very sharp knife. Mr. Combe (to the prisoner): Have you any questions to ask either of these witnesses? Prisoner: No; I have no questions to ask. Mr. Combe: Then you are remanded until after the coroner's inquest has been held. The prisoner was then removed from the dock, and immediately escorted to Horse-monger-lane Goal. On Tuesday the officers informed the magistrate the son was dead.

EXTENSIVE JEWELLERY ROBBERY.—Louisa Gifford was charged with being concerned, with others not in custody, in stealing jewellery and watches worth about £800, the property of Mr. Solomon Reuben, from the platform of the North Kent Railway, London-bridge. Mr. Lewis, sen., appeared for the prisoner. William Hughes, City police-constable No. 153, said that on the 7th of the present month the prisoner and a man named Laiddale, whom she afterwards called her husband, were apprehended in Aldgate while attempting to dispose of four sets of gold earrings. They were remanded until the 20th, and then discharged by Alderman Humphrey, as no owner could then be found for the property. Since then it was discovered that a bag containing jewellery and watches was stolen from the North Kent Railway Station on the 4th; and the earrings were a portion of the robbery. In consequence of information he received on Sunday, he went at three o'clock that morning to 15, Lambeth-square, Lower Marsh, and found three boxes belonging to the prisoner and her husband. They were opened and found to contain, besides some other portion of the jewellery, a large quantity of wearing apparel, supposed to have been stolen from various railway stations. Robert Hardingham, 163 L, said that, in consequence of information he received of the robbery and finding of the boxes, he stopped the prisoner about nine o'clock that morning in the Lower Marsh, near Lambeth-square. He asked her what she was going to do with the boxes she had left at No. 15. She replied that she knew nothing of the house or the boxes. At the police station she acknowledged having lived at 15, Lambeth-square, with her husband, and that they were his boxes. She was then identified by the City constable as the woman who was in custody with the two men for the unlawful possession of the earrings. Mr. Solomon Reuben said he lived at 18, Herbert-street, New North-road, and that he was a traveller. A little after twelve at noon on the 4th inst., he arrived at the North Kent Station, London-bridge, for the purpose of going on a journey. He had with him a large leather bag containing jewellery and watches, worth about £800. He put that bag down on the platform, near the booking-office, while he went to get his ticket, and on his return a minute afterwards he missed it, and had not seen it since. He identified the earrings and gold chains produced as a portion of the property that was in the bag, but he knew nothing whatever of the prisoner. Mr. Lewis contended that the whole of the property produced by the constables belonged, or was supposed to belong, to his client's husband, and what she did was by his direction and under his coercion. He therefore asked the magistrate to discharge her. Bricklayer said that they were not husband and wife, and if a remand were granted, most likely the man would be apprehended. Mr. Combe accordingly remanded her.

WOOLWICH.

SINGULAR CASE OF SIMPLICITY.—A young girl, named Mary Hall, very neatly attired, and who carried with her a large parcel, which she stated contained her best clothing, was placed at the bar before Mr. Maude under the following circumstances:—Police-constable Collins, of the B Division, stated that he saw the prisoner at Belvidere, near Erith, and she stated that she had left her home at Sunningwell, near Reading, for the purpose of finding her brother, who was a grocer, residing in a cottage at Erith. Witness and other persons endeavoured to ascertain the residence of the prisoner's brother, but no such person was known in the locality; and the prisoner being destitute, had, during the week, been maintained by a benevolent lady who heard of the case, but the advice of the magistrate was now considered necessary. In reply to Mr. Maude, the prisoner, who had a very childlike appearance, stated that she was fourteen years of age, and had left her parents, with their consent, to reside with her brother, as previously arranged by letter, and she was informed that her brother lived in a cottage standing by itself with a garden in front, at Belvidere, Erith. She proceeded to London from the Reading Station, for which she paid 8s. 2d., and on arriving at London-bridge she took a ticket, as directed, to Abbey Wood, Kent; but on leaving the train, although she walked for miles, and inquired at every cottage with a garden in front, at Sunningwell, whose name was Young, and she had been educated at the parish school. Mr. Maude was inclined to believe, from the apparent simplicity of the girl, that her statement was true. He wished to know if she could be properly taken care of at the police-station, without being locked up, until inquiries could be made. Inspector Linvall replied he would undertake to comply with the magistrate's desire. The prisoner begged to be sent home at once, but Mr. Maude said he would write to the clergyman immediately, and the prisoner would be well provided for until an answer was received.

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES
IN POLAND.

The following is an official report of the Polish National Government:—

"Department of Lithuania, April 28 (16).
"The Russian Government has been unceasing in its efforts to mislead and excite against the Poles the Raskolniks (old religionists). Its agents constantly travelled over various parts of the country, everywhere announcing that the first step taken by the Polish insurgents would be to massacre the old religionists, after having burnt and destroyed their villages. They encouraged and even ordered them in the name of the Czar to march against the nobles. These shameful manoeuvres have borne their fruit; at a given signal whole populations, young and old, men and women, rushed on the defenceless country houses, sacking, pillaging, and burning everything. In three days the whole of a flourishing district was turned into a desert.

"Wasilowo. Here the local priest, M. Kesmin, was torn from the altar, where he was saying mass, flogged, bound with ropes, taken, amid the jeers and groans of the Raskolniks, to the town of Dynaburg, and finally, together with his curate, M. Sandro, a much respected old man, and other political prisoners, imprisoned in the cells of the fortress.

"Dubno, belonging to M. U. Benislowski. The devastation of this estate is indescribable. Its proprietor was bound with ropes, nearly beaten to death and brought to Dynaburg. His daughters, Louisa, Helen, and Mary, only succeeded in joining him by paying a heavy ransom to the Raskolniks, and escaping through the woods, under the protection of the game-keeper.

"Abelmuzja, belonging to Count Stanislas Zobern Plater. Everything in this estate, including the floors and ceilings, was pillaged and destroyed. Not a morsel of bread is now to be had in the neighbourhood.

"Ostasiewo, belonging to M. Klankowski, was the theatre of a terrible drama. Six young men, surrounded on all sides by the Russians, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. They first defended themselves with pistols, the only arm which they had; then, as ammunition began to fail them, they hurled bricks upon their assailants. The latter, enraged at the resistance they met with, set fire to the house. Four of the young men, being completely exhausted, now gave themselves up; the remaining two lay down on the roof, preferring to perish in the flames. The latter were burnt to death; the former were put in chains and delivered up to the authorities. They were all students.

Zabory, belonging to the Bujnicki family. The carnage here was dreadful; M. B. Bujnicki was so ill-treated by the Raskolniks that he is unrecognizable. He is not expected to live. M. S. Bujnicki and several of his companions, among whom was an Engineer officer, was seized in the woods, dreadfully beaten, and given up to the authorities. A priest named Pluza met with the same fate.

SKETCHES FROM THE WAR IN MEXICO.



A SERGEANT IN GENERAL FOREY'S ARMY.

"At Solowyski a female servant, who was defending the property of her mistress, Countess Moll, was wounded. The pillage was so complete that the wives of the Raskolniks accompanied them with carts, in which the corn and other things taken by their husbands were put. Cattle, horses, domestic ornaments and furniture, and even pianos, were taken away, and the rest burnt. The quiet gentlemen, though far advanced in age, such as Counts Moll and Plater, were beaten unmercifully, and loaded with chains.

"Besides the above, several were dragged from their houses; among them were two priests named Olezykiewicz and Narkiewicz. They were beaten and chained up with twenty-nine other persons, and on the 30th ult dragged through the mudiest streets in Dynaburg. Many of them were so covered with blood as to be unrecognizable, and some who fell through weakness were brutally beaten

by the soldiers with the butts of their muskets. There are 120 persons, all of whom had been captured by the Raskolniks, imprisoned in the fortress of Dynaburg, besides some who are confined at Kraslaw. Every one, however innocent, who is brought before the authorities by a Raskolnik, is shut up in the fortress, generally half-dead and bleeding from the inhuman treatment he has received.

FATAL WRECK OF THE
SHIP MOORESFOOT.—
THIRTY-ONE LIVES
LOST.

The ship *Moorefoot*, 1,051 tons register, belonging to the port of London, has been totally lost off the Mauritius while on her homeward voyage from Calcutta, and we regret to add that out of her crew, consisting of forty-two men and officers, and four passengers, only fifteen persons were saved. From the evidence taken before a court of inquiry it appeared that the *Moorefoot*, under the command of Captain E. Coult-hurst, arrived off Port Louis on the 1st February, and anchored at about five o'clock in the evening. They had previously had fine weather, and not the least apprehension was entertained by her unfortunate captain and officers of bad weather approaching, although ashore it was pretty generally believed that a storm was pending, and it was evident to all who saw the ship at anchor that unless she immediately put to sea again something serious would happen to her. A tremendous surf was already running on the reefs at the entrance to the port and all along to the western coast of the island. The signal warning was made from Fort George for the "ship to go to sea," and a gun was also fired, in the hopes of attracting the captain's attention, but to no purpose, and it was not till midnight, when the ship began to drive, that the captain became cognizant of his perilous position. The pilot boat had made several attempts to get out of the harbour to her, but the heavy rollers rendered it utterly impossible. About the time mentioned the captain attempted to get to sea by slipping his anchors. It was too late, however, and the ill-fated *Moorefoot*, about one o'clock in the morning, drove on to the reef, and broke up so rapidly that by daylight she was almost entirely destroyed; thirty-one of her helpless crew, including Captain Coult-hurst and the chief and second officers, perishing in the wreck. The ship and cargo were insured at Lloyd's.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has consented to become the patron of the British Asylum for Deaf and Dumb Females at Homerton.

Galignani says:—"Chassaing, the lion-killer of Constantina, has lately had an illustrious sporting companion in the person of Prince Windischgratz, who has visited Algeria for the purpose of endeavouring to kill a lion. The prince, although very young, has already given proofs of his prowess in Hungary in bear-hunting."



CAMP LIFE.



ADVANCE OF ARTILLERY TO PUEBLA.

MR. HENRY LORAINÉ

THIS gentleman was born in London, in 1825. His first engagement was in the company of Mr. Jackson, in Bedford. He next joined the York circuit, then the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. The Theatres Royal in Edinburgh, Birmingham, Newcastle, Leicester, &c., were afterwards visited. At the first-named theatre he fulfilled a long engagement under Mr. Murray. He opened by playing Orlando, in "As You Like It," Miss Helen Faucit being the Rosalind. He afterwards played Jaffier, Sir Thomas Clifford, Claude Melnotte, Benedict, and Macbeth with the same highly-gifted lady. He also played with Mr. G. V. Brooke and Mrs. Nisbett. At Leicester he met Mr. Macready, having been engaged to play Macduff to the eminent tragedian's Macbeth, De Mauprat to his Richelieu, Horatio to his Hamlet, &c. In reference to his first meeting with Macready we have heard an anecdote, which is amusing, and probably worthy of record. Mr. Macready was announced to play Macbeth; he did not arrive till late in the day, when he hurriedly sent for Mr. Lorainé to rehearse the fight with him. Arriving at the hotel, Mr. Macready pledged Mr. Lorainé in a glass of sherry, and then proceeded to say, in his peculiar manner, "I wished to rehearse the fight in 'Macbeth,' but I find my swords are not here; what are we to do?" Lorainé frankly confessed his inability to offer any suggestion to get out of the dilemma. Suddenly Mr. M.'s eye fell upon the poker; he snatched it up, and presenting it to his companion, said, "You take this, and I will use my umbrella." Accordingly, Macbeth and Macduff proceeded to fight with poker and umbrella, and were in the height of a warm encounter, when they were abruptly interrupted by the landlord, under the mistaken impression that a breach of the peace was being committed in his hotel.

In 1853 Mr. Lorainé was offered an engagement as leading actor at the Theatre Royal and Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, both establishments being then, as now, under the management of Mr. Copeland. Here he became a very great favourite, and played with invariable success with Miss Helen Faucit, Miss Glyn, Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff, and other stars of the theatrical firmament. During his third season in Liverpool he received an offer of engagement from Mr. Marshall, who was at that time manager of the principal theatre in New York, and of another in Philadelphia. The offer was too liberal to be resisted. Previous to his departure, some fifty gentlemen of Liverpool presented him with a testimonial of esteem, in the shape of "a splendidly mounted silver-hilted sword, and a fine edition of 'Knight's Shakspeare.'" In December, 1856, he took passage for America. In New York he appeared at the Broadway Theatre, in the character of Claude Melnotte, the present Mrs. Charles Mathews sustaining the part of Pauline on the occasion. His debut in New York was in every way successful.

After a series of successful engagements in most of the principal theatres of the United States, and in Canada, extending over a period of two years, Mr. Lorainé returned to England, and reappeared in Liverpool, the scene of his former professional triumphs. He afterwards played starring engagements in York, Hull, Leeds, Birmingham, and other important towns.

Mr. Lorainé lately appeared at Drury Lane Theatre, under Mr. Falconer's management. He is now lessee, for a time, of the Surrey Theatre, and gives high promise of acquiring a reputation second to none in the metropolis.

THE sporting world, which widens and extends every year in France, has been occupied with a most exciting event. Mr. Montgomery's La Touques won the French Derby at Chantilly. Without a stud, and almost unknown on the turf, this gentleman and his wife, a French lady, reared the unknown and unobserved horse which is thus suddenly placed at the head of the French racing calendar. Report says that Mr. Montgomery pocketed 200,000fr. (£8,000); at all events he has made a present of 25,000fr. (£1,000) to the trainer, and 5,000fr. to the jockey.

A GHOST IN A BELFRY.

THE inhabitants of a village of the Montagne Noire, in the department of the Aude (France), were roused from their beds one night last week by the "sound of the tocsin;"—for such is the pompous phrase used by a local writer to describe the ringing of the single bell of the small parish church. The idea of a fire first suggested itself to the minds of the villagers, but as no fire was to be seen they flocked to the church to see what was the matter. To their great astonishment, however, the church door was locked; no voice responded from within to their loud shouts of inquiry; and yet the bell continued to ring loudly and hurriedly. The cure was called up and brought the church key. With trembling steps and beating hearts the crowd followed their pastor into the sacred building. They then penetrated into the belfry, and—oh! horror of horrors!—the bell-rope was violently agitated, and pulling the bell by itself. The good priest himself was scared at this fearful phenomenon, and his followers, pale with terror, dropped down upon their knees and crossed themselves. It was midnight—the hour when spirits walk abroad. The priest, armed with his *goupillon*, proceeded to exorcise the demon; but

ACCIDENTAL POISONING AT BRADFORD.

SOME families of working people at Bradford were under medical treatment last week who were found to be suffering, more or less severely, from arsenical poisoning, and it was not until Saturday that anything like a satisfactory conclusion could be arrived at as to how they came to have swallowed the arsenic. It appears that on Monday week William Johnson, woolcomber, of Waddington-yard, Wakefield-yard, and his daughters, Mary Ann and Elizabeth Johnson, young women who work at a factory, became ill, and Dr. Lodge was called in to see them. He found them exhibiting all the symptoms of poisoning, and treated them accordingly, by applying the stomach-pump and other remedies. A mixture of cream of tartar and magnesia, some of which they had taken as a medicine, was submitted to chemical tests and ascertained to contain arsenic in sufficient quantity to produce all the bad symptoms. The presence of arsenic was also detected in the fluid ejected from the stomachs of the patients. These facts were communicated to the police on last Tuesday, and Mr. Grauhan, chief constable of Bradford, went to the shop of Mr. Potter, chemist and druggist, 117, Bridge-street, in that town, where the cream of tartar which the suffering family had swallowed had been purchased for them by a girl

named Emma Bibby more than a week before. Mr. Potter stated that he had not sold the girl any arsenic, and that he kept his stock of arsenic in a room behind the shop, quite away from the cream of tartar drawer, which was in the shop. This he also pointed out to the chief constable, and the girl Bibby remembered that the cream of tartar was taken out of the drawer in which Mr. Potter said he kept it. The chief constable obtained a sample of the cream of tartar which was then in the drawer, and the sample, on being tested, proved to be free from any mixture of arsenic. This was accounted for by the fact that Mr. Potter had lately put a fresh supply in the drawer, having sold the whole of his previous stock, amounting to 7lb. The cream of tartar supplied to the Johnsons having been administered with magnesia (the latter bought at a provision shop) doubts might arise as to where the arsenic really came from, had not a portion of cream of tartar purchased at Mr. Potter's shop about the time when the Johnsons got theirs been found in the house of a family named Simpson, in Croft-street. This had Mr. Potter's label upon it, and contained a considerable proportion of arsenic; while the stock of magnesia in the possession of the provision dealer of whom the Johnsons had bought their magnesia was found to be entirely free from that poison. Mrs. Simpson and her son, a tailor, on taking a small quantity of the cream of tartar, and finding it made them sick, discontinued the use of it, and did not suffer so much as the Johnsons, whose lives were at first in great jeopardy, and they are not yet considered out of danger. Other persons have been similarly affected. The cream of tartar

in which the arsenic has been found was from a stock supplied to Mr. Potter by a large wholesale house, and on Saturday, as soon as it was clearly established that the poison must have been in the cream of tartar when sold by Mr. Potter, steps were taken to apprise the wholesale house of what had happened, so that they might examine their stock of the latter article, with a view to prevent further mischief. At the same time placards were distributed throughout Bradford, and other West Riding towns, cautioning persons against using any cream of tartar they might have bought at Mr. Potter's shop since the 25th of April last, and requesting them to forward it to the chief constable of Bradford, as arsenic had been accidentally mixed with it. Between five and six years ago seventeen persons were poisoned at Bradford by eating peppermint lozenges in which arsenic had been mixed by mistake, instead of plaster of Paris, with which the maker had intended to adulterate them.

The Aberdeen Journal hears, on good authority, that their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales will very likely pay a visit to Balmoral in summer, arriving in July.



MR. HENRY LORAINÉ.

all the holy water in the church was very soon exhausted, and yet the dreadful bell continued to sound. At length a peasant more intrepid than the rest volunteered to climb into the steeple and look at the bell itself. As he mounted the dark, narrow winding ladder which led to the abode of mystery the terrified parishioners below muttered their paternosters with increased rapidity. In a few moments an unearthly shriek from the devoted messenger left no doubt on the minds of the people below that he had met with the devil himself. As the unhappy man approached the bell it did indeed cease to sound, but by the flickering pale light of his lantern he saw crouching down close to the clapper a black, monstrous, hideous form, with two yellow eyes which glared full upon him. The poor man fainted away, and for some minutes an awful silence reigned in the church. Then by a sudden and simultaneous impulse several men resolved to see what had become of their comrade, and, imparting courage to each other, rushed up to the ladder together. On nearing the bell they found a large pole-cat, who had got one of his fore-feet entangled in the rope, and which, in his endeavours to escape, had been the cause of all this terrible commotion in the Montagne Noire.

Literature

REVENGE!

THE whole village was in a complete consternation; for David Brooks, with his shaggy brows always half hiding his keen eyes, his frowning face and hard unsmiling mouth, was a morose man; and on this remarkable occasion his wrath would be terrible; he would be an absolute Turk—o' that they were all assured.

"Only to think of such a thing!" said Mrs. Wiggs, the tailor's wife, who loved to meddle in matters not her own, as she stood gossiping with half a dozen neighbours, on a little green where the pump was erected.

"For Georgy to have gone and married the daughter of the very man old Brooks hated more than he hated anything in life!" lamented the village Crispin's better half.

"It will be the poor young fellow's ruin," observed another, in a tone of commiseration. "And that will be a pity; for his heart was ever in the right place, and he was always willing to do a good turn for any one."

"It's a burning shame—so it is," added another, angrily: "that a man should carry his hatred past the grave, and all out of spite and envy. What could poor Jessie Wilson have done that he should have taken the very roof from her head and turned her out, without a single friend, upon the world?"

"Nay, there you are wrong, neighbour," replied an elderly matron, with a kind, motherly expression on her features. "Jessie had many a friend among us all, only that our poor means would not allow us to do more than send our children to her little school; and if she was not as comfortable as before, at least she was not in want, and that's something, too."

"Well, that's true enough," admitted the tailor's wife, "but it's a sad thing that this old Brooks,—he's a hard landlord, surely,—it's a hard thing that because poor Jessie's father wouldn't sell him a field he wanted, or because the flowers in his garden were brighter, or some reason of that sort, while he had plenty himself, he should put the lawyer to work and ruin the old man piece by piece, till he had got the field, cottage, garden, and all, and now he looks more crabbed than ever."

"I'll tell you what it is," said the cobbler's lady, decisively: "the man was never married, and that's turned his temper. A man without wife or child to fill up some corner of his house, or his heart, is no better than a—than a—I don't know what!" And having thus declared her judgment upon a point that has two debatable grounds of argument, she seized upon her pitcher and departed.

"Well, there's something in that, also," assented another; and bidding her neighbours good day, she followed the good wife's example.

"I wonder how matters will end," said a third. "His nephew George was dependent on the old skinflint; but I suppose David Brooks will laugh to see them both starve. I should like to tell him a piece of my mind, however;" and she, too, reluctantly returned homeward, so that presently the pump stood "alone in its glory."

David Brooks was in truth a morose man. A man of inflexible passions—one of those hard and inexorable men, whose very faces are the index of their hearts. For years the poor decayed farmer Robert Wilson seemed to have been the object of his unrelenting hatred. As he sunk the more, the more did the grim features of David lighten up. He bought in Wilson's debts, he obtained the mortgage of his little property, and finally became master of his all before the heart of the broken man was rent in twain; and he died, leaving his only child, a sweet-tempered, gentle girl, with the prospect of the direst misery before her. As one of the poor neighbours had said, however, the setting up of a little school, for she was tolerably educated, kept absolute want away.

David Brooks had one human passion at least, and that was a love, strong as his stern nature, for his nephew, George Brooks, the orphan son of his brother, whom he had taken charge of from an early age. Although he never lavished any fondness upon the boy, still there was a mighty fountain of love within the hard man's arid breast for him—for George alone. Against all else, but particularly against Robert Wilson, who at one time was a fine, handsome man, possessing a farmstead, cattle, fields, and orchards: against him and all the world the morose man seemed to have closed his heart. Why he should have persecuted his victim so unflinchingly no one could imagine. There were no expressions of revengeful feeling uttered. David Brooks never complained of any wrong or insult he might have received at his hands. People fancied that the wealthy David coveted the farmer's possessions; and because Wilson held them the more tenaciously, parting with lot by lot only as necessity compelled him, they concluded that David's anger was aroused and exasperated by this resistance. We shall see anon whether they were in the right or not.

There was a small banking house in the village where George officiated as clerk, through the influence which David possessed, who was said to be a principal shareholder in the concern. The young man had received a good education, and as he was yet not over three-and-twenty, this was a kind of probationary position till he could be placed in a situation of greater emolument and trust in some large town.

The nature and temper of the young man was diametrically opposite to that of his uncle. David Brooks had never told his nephew to hate Richard Wilson; but his sentiments were too plain to be misunderstood, and George stood in awe of his harsh visage and firm determined tone. His acquaintance with the farmer was kindly enough, but distant. Wilson seemed to comprehend this, and he also appreciated George's feelings; but this acquaintance became warmer and closer as he grew older, and as the persecutions of his uncle (to which he could not close his eyes, though he

dared not remonstrate) increased. Between him and Jessie Wilson there arose a feeling—on the one hand of sympathy, on the other hand of grateful reciprocity, which ripened into warm affection.

"She was not fair nor beautiful;

But oh! her voice had something in't which wants A name."

When Richard Wilson died, ruined in goods and crushed of heart, it was not long before David Brooks claimed his pretty and commodious cottage, and let it to another tenant. Jessie was compelled to quit, as a matter of course; but George encouraged her, and she bore up courageously against her loss. Her little school gave her scanty support, until at last George took the desperate resolution of venturing upon a secret marriage. It was done; and hence arose the expectancy of the terrible Saracenic conduct which the neighbours concluded David Brooks would exhibit against his nephew and the young wife.

"George," said his uncle, the day following the colloquy at the pump, "I have an opportunity of placing you in a banking house in London."

George was thunderstruck. "I—I am very much obliged, uncle; but I am very comfortable here," he stammered out.

"Indeed!" ejaculated David, drily. "Are there, then, so many attractions in this dull village?"

"Oh! you don't know how I love it," replied his nephew a little eagerly.

"Humph!" muttered the uncle. Then continued, "How is it that I so often see you going towards — Street?" and David Brooks bent his dark eyes upon his nephew. This was the street where Jessie now resided.

The cheeks of the young man flushed and then paled; for though he loved the old man, he also feared him, and now most of all. The decisive moment was come, and how it was that David Brooks had not been aware of the matter, or spoken sooner upon a secret which the neighbours had ferreted out weeks ago, he could not conjecture.

"You are silent, sir," added the stern man, after a pause, during which his lurid eyes flashed; "you are silent, and you dare not answer me. Well, I will tell you, it is because you have married the daughter of mine enemy."

"Your enemy!" ejaculated the breathless young man.

"Because you have cast yourself away upon a worthless —"

"Uncle," said George, rising with dignity, "she is my wife."

"I cry you mercy," returned his uncle, with a bitter smile, and in a mocking tone. "Well, it amounts to this; it was evident to you—it must have been so—that you had to choose between two, both of whom might have loved you."—David's voice shook in the slightest degree,—"I loved you, I say, after their fashion; the one rude and uncouth, the other soft and insinuating. Do not interrupt me, sir," he added, savagely; "you have chosen; but in choosing that one you have cast the other off."

"Do not say so, uncle—" began George.

"Why not? Are you sorry? Does it strike you that the chance of losing this discarded old uncle's wealth is a heavy price to pay for a wife?"

"You might spare your sarcasms to one who never dreamt or cared for a sixpence of your money," returned George, almost contemptuously.

David Brooks gazed upon his nephew curiously for an instant. "Do you say so?" asked he.

"Uncle," returned the young man, in a firm and half-stern tone, "you have taken away everything from them, and embittered the last moments of a ruined man, and you have left his child to be turned out a homeless orphan upon the world; you have carried your motiveless dislike to an extent that makes you spoken of among men."

"Motiveless!" and David Brooks laughed a hoarse laugh.

"What more would you have from the dead then?" continued George, evidently much aroused.

"Has the living so far offended you that you would carry your resentment beyond the grave? What your aim may have been I do not seek to know; for my part, I have only endeavoured to repair an evil that you have done. I have taken upon me to protect one who is unprotected, and through your means—"

"Fine protest," muttered the uncle.

"I am not the best that she might have had, it is true," replied the nephew, without any touch of resentment in his voice. "I entertain no particularly lofty opinions of myself or my resources."

"Such humility is vastly becoming, sir," David Brooks was growing more sarcastic and bitter.

"I believed it to be a duty, uncle, and I have taken that step—"

"Which cannot be retraced," said his uncle, completing the sentence for him. "I have heard you; now, do you listen to me. Sit down, if for the last time, and hear my story, and my explanation of this motiveless persecution, as you term it, who know nothing of its cause. You know somewhat of my temper," he added, while the rugged lines of his face drew themselves more closely together. "I have not fostered or cherished this sternness, this obduracy of which I am conscious, and which is natural to me. It was from no motives of petty malevolence that I bore such an undying hatred to this man till it corroded within my very soul, and was ever present like my shadow; but it was because he had done me so great, so measureless a wrong, that its memory will follow me to the grave, as its consequences followed them."

George was startled: he was almost affrighted at the emotion which made this rugged man confess himself possessed of such terrible vindictiveness; but he did not speak. David Brooks continued:—"Fifty years ago this man and I were friends, and school-fellows. I loved him like a brother, and I have every reason to believe that he felt towards me the same fraternal feeling. We had everything in common that boys possess. We left school, and for a time were parted; but some years afterwards met again, and dwelt

in the same town, each being engaged in his particular business. We were then young men: our intimacy was renewed, and the pleasant days of old came back to us with grateful remembrances.

"My feelings, then, were strong, ardent, and impulsive. I had a will of iron; but I also possessed the powers of the Indian's endurance at the stake. You may judge, then, from what I tell you of myself, how I loved this man. I attended him by his bed during a dangerous illness; I saved him from prison on another occasion by paying the debt, no inconsiderable sum, which, understand, was never returned me. I established him in his farm, and laid the foundation of his fortune, and—"

"You afterwards ruined him," said George.

"A poor conclusion, yet a right one," remarked the other with his bitter smile; "but I have done there is a sequel to all this which you do not know."

He paused, and seemed dreadfully agitated. A great struggle of anguish was evidently going on within him; but with a giant's effort he quelled the great throbbing of his violent heart, and proceeded:—"I am a wifeless, childless man. The day has been when I might have been blessed with both; for there was wanting something to soften my nature, and I yearned to have a living thing at my side; but I was not to possess it. In the pride of my youth, when the passions are strong within the breast, I knew what it was to love—"

"To love, uncle?" exclaimed George: "and you blame me for loving?"

"If there were any analogy between your feelings and mine, as there may or may not be; but," added he, abruptly, "that which is done is past, and cannot be altered. I say, hear me, and interrupt me not."

"I will not," said his nephew, coldly. "You who are so full of your own egotism as to draw a line between the poignancy of your feelings and those of others, to assume the right of having endured greater wrongs than any other human creature, go on with your dark history; I whose sympathies you so oft at and condemn, will listen."

The old man was struck with this reply, so indignant, so severe, and so indifferent; but without commenting upon it, he resumed his narrative.

"The woman I loved was a bright and tender thing. She was the most beautiful and attractive creature I had ever beheld. True, I had not seen many, and I might not have been a very good judge; but that's no matter. I loved her with my heart, my life—with my whole soul. I have never been able to find words to express the depth, the fervour, and extent of that affection. It is strange doubtless, to hear an old man with wrinkled face, white hair, and unsteady steps speak of love like a Romeo; but as I am relating to you a true history, the singularity must be passed over. She was my thought by day, and my dream by night: wealth she had little or none; but I had sufficient for both. I lived but in her presence—I adored her with all the strength of a strong heart. The memory of that love comes across me like a tide of fire swathing me round and round. A reminiscence of this kind for nearly a quarter of a century must be agreeable—must it not?" Savagely bitter grew the old man's voice.

George made no reply. He was indignantly silent; but he was at the same time greatly interested in his excited uncle's narrative.

"I told her one day when in the fields, that I loved her, and she heard me with a smile that fell like the rays of the sun upon a frozen rill. I was glad and happy, and could laugh from the very heart. I have forgotten now what it is to laugh; I have been called cruel and merciless by my poor tenants, and yet I never sent the bailiff to their homes. By the magic of fear, and my harsh manner and language, I made the improvident thrifty, and the drunkard pensive. They thought of their hard landlord with dread, and saved the money they meant to squander. They should thank me. I have never hurt a living thing, nor hated but one being that God created. But why was this?—why this change? Why am I here this day a lone old man, with nothing to love me nor to cheer me? Why did my nature become suddenly darkened as with an eclipse? I will tell you, nephew. Do you comprehend the meaning of the expression a 'false friend'?" Perhaps you think you do: disabuse your mind of the idea until you have found one and suffered at his hands; you will then comprehend all that lies in those two simple words. Trust no man—put confidence in none."

The eyes of David Brooks grew wild and bloodshot, and the foam was on his lips. "I confided my secret to this man, this friend,—this Richard Wilson,—whom I had loved as if he had been my twin brother. I took him with me to the house of the woman who was by this my betrothed wife. Oh, God!" he cried passionately, "if I could but find words commensurate to express the extent of my affection, you would comprehend also the extent of my pain—but I waver. Well, nephew, he became a familiar visitor; he was cheerful, joyous, and social; an excellent companion in every respect for man or woman." The old man's breath grew thick and hard; George still listened.

"I was obliged to be absent for a few months, and I confided my treasure to his care. I placed my jewel under his guardianship; and during my absence I received from her but one cold, brief letter. Do you know, my nephew," added the old man, with such a fierce bitter accent, that almost appalled George, "that I began to have a dim glimpse of that which was in store for me, that as I pressed my hand upon my own proud, loving, stricken heart, I felt that all the good and humane feelings I largely possessed were curdling. You do not know how that frightful doubt haunted me. I returned, and found that the woman who had said she loved me, was wedded to my—friend!"

George started to his feet. "The wife of Richard Wilson?" he exclaimed.

"Even so! I will not dwell upon my despair—upon my hours of anguish! I dwelt in the same town still; I met them and passed them by with a smile; but no word or greeting escaped my lips. Friends and relatives sought to excuse the

falsehood—to make us friends; I only asked, coldly, 'Why?' She has chosen better, doubtless, and I will not interrupt their happiness by reminding her of a broken promise—nor him of perjured faith! There is room for us without jostling!"

"Do you suppose, then, that a man of my nature could sit down like a driveller, and weep first to forgive after? Not so. I swore with a deep oath, and with hands raised to heaven, that not a day should pass over the head of that man but he should feel directly or indirectly the incipient vengeance hovering over him that would follow and dog him to the very grave. This passion grew and increased, but all else was absorbed in it. She repented that step with tears, and came and knelt at my feet,—I did not insult her—I did not speak to her—I merely took no notice of her, and she went home—and—died!" A tear—a single tear trickled down David's cheek, but he dashed it away with a gesture of contempt. He went on.

"It was not the weak-hearted woman that I hated; for contempt was strong, but my love was also strong. Judge, if you can, then, the nature of that struggle when you are compelled to hold in derision the loftiest sentiment you cherish. Richard Wilson passed through every grade of wretchedness,—was beggared, and died also. You have allied yourself to the daughter of the man who wronged me; you have made your choice, and you have heard my history; you have in part, therefore, become my enemy also, the enemy of the man who cherished and loved you like a father. Go! the tie between us is broken. I will now be utterly alone!" and as he concluded, he pointed to the door.

George Brooks, without a single word, rose up, and taking his hat, quitted the house.

Let us do the young man justice. The recital of twenty-five years' suffering—those terrible oscillations of passion moving between love and revenge, outraged trust, and deceived friendship,—made a deep impression upon him. But he refused to recognise his uncle's claim to so pre-eminent a feeling of wretchedness beyond other men; there was so inordinate a selfishness in it that he despised the sentiment, while he pitied the man.

His own case was bad enough. His young wife was told the whole sad history of his uncle's wrongs and of his revenge, and wept bitterly during the recital. She still kept her little school, and George still held his situation; but from some cause or other, from which he entirely exonerated his uncle, the principals began to look coldly upon him. Faults were found, and complaints made, which were utterly groundless; and the young man, with sorrow, comprehended that they had taken the initiative, for his being discarded by David Brooks had now become a well-known incident in the village.

The nephew and the uncle sometimes met in the streets; but no word passed their lips in greeting. David was proud and unbending; and though the wounds in his stricken heart were only the more opened by the loss of his nephew's presence, still he kept the corroding sorrow to himself. As for George, he would not have spoken or lifted up a finger in sign of advance, lest the morose man should imagine that he frowned upon him for a portion of his property. It was sad to see these two affectionate hearts torn asunder by the influence of those mean human passions which so often mar the happiness of man; but so it was.

It was not long before George found that his position was becoming intolerable from the petty and vexatious obstacles that were thrown in his way. The principals grew more cavilling and captious, and he demanded an explanation. This brought matters to a climax. They were astonished at his audacity; he retorted, and the whole ended in his dismissal.

As he was returning homeward he met David Brooks, who was now bowed and bent, as if within a few weeks only twenty years had passed over his head. "Adieu, uncle!" said George, bitterly; "we shall meet no more! Your revenge still progresses, I find; but I shall be far from hence ere many days;" and he went his way.

If David Brooks was struck by his nephew's words and manner, he exhibited no sign of it, save that the colour in his cheek waned a little. It was never his plan to let any emotion be seen; therefore his nephew passed on, and there was no further farewell.

But in the course of a few days David Brooks took his name from among the list of those who directed the bank, and removed his money to another. The startled principals, who thought they were pleasing the old man, sought to bring back George, and thus, as they supposed, induce the uncle to return to them once more. George was sought for; but he and his wife had departed, and none knew whither they were gone.

It was remarked by the neighbours that David Brooks grew more distant, silent, and morose; that the infirmity of age or great suffering began to furrow his harsh features still more, and that his limbs trembled, while his massive frame was bowed as if great age had overtaken him; that he was often seen to walk up the street where Jessie and her young husband had lived, and gaze wistfully upon the house for a moment or two, and then go hurriedly by.

A year passed over, and the daily events of the village were almost of the same unvarying kind. The flowers of the Spring had begun to open, and the green drapery of Nature was falling upon the trees. David Brooks was sitting one bright morning in the ivied porch of his cottage, with his hands upon his sick, and his chin leaning upon his hands, when he was suddenly startled by the entrance of some one into the little trim garden. He lifted up his eyes and beheld his nephew, George Brooks.

The man looked famine-struck and gaunt as a wolf. His clothes were ragged, his hair was matted in elf-locks about his neck, his cheeks were thin, his eyes hollow, and his beard unshaven. It was the picture of a man fallen to ruin. He advanced towards David, and hoarsely said, "Uncle, come and see: the finish of your

revenge. I am here neither to beg, nor to borrow, or steal; though I have not broken bread for the last thirty hours. Come and see my wife die; come and see the child of your enemy; she will die ere the sunset, together with the little one she bears in her bosom; and before the morning, if I am not mad, I may be dead too. Come!"

The old man rose and followed him without a word. People stared and shook their heads as the two passed them in the streets; but none knew George save his uncle; he was so altered.

Quitting the village, after an half-an-hour's walk, they came to a wretched, ruined hovel on the way-side, and on entering David beheld the wasted and emaciated form of poor Jessie extended upon some straw which was scattered on the floor.

"There, uncle," said the tearless husband; "look your fill and be satisfied; and do not imagine that your grief is the greatest. Look at me,"—David Brooks did so—"I have toiled and laboured at whatever I could get to do, and so has that poor child"—pointing to his wife; "but our day's long hard work is closing fast around us in darkness."

The sound of a passing vehicle without roused David from his reverie. He went out, stopped it, and ordered his nephew to wrap the scanty garments of the wife around her, and carry her to the light spring-cart then waiting. George obeyed, holding her in his wasted arms all the time, and soon they reached the pretty cottage again.

A doctor was called in, and food and wine given to both the patients. Before the morning the wail of an infant filled the chamber with its tender, plaintive sound; and as it was placed in the arms of David Brooks, the fountain of his tears broke open, and he wept bitterly as he pressed his lips to the child's face. Then he knelt down, when alone, and prayed long and fervently.

His revenge stayed here, and David Brooks ceased to be a morose man; for he lived happily with George and Jessie for many years after.

Varieties.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, when asked if he had seen a French critique on Colonel Gurwood's fourteen volumes of his Despatches, replied in the negative, and inquired, "What do the French say of them?" He was told that the reviewer remarked that the word *glory* did not once occur, but that *duty* frequently did. It is said his Grace replied, "Ah, ah! that is the difference between the French and English soldier; with the French, glory is the cause—with us, the result."

A RUNAWAY WEDDING recently took place in a village in Nottinghamshire. The gay Lothario, a miller, was soon afterwards the subject of conversation in a party, when a wag in company recommended all farmers to send their corn to the bridegroom's mill, for they would stand a good chance of fair treatment; for, added he, "I once knew a miller, a great rogue who stole his wife, but it made an honest man of him, for he never stole anything after!"

THE PUZZLE OF TRUTH—Truth is by no means so highly looked up at on this side of the globe as it is on the other. For instance, when it was reported to the Emperor of China that her Britannic Majesty's plenipotentiary had publicly stated his intention of proceeding to the north with the army, his imperial Majesty set it down as positively certain that we were all about to decamp home; remarking, sagely enough, as he thought, that the very act of our making no secret of our intention of proceeding to the north, was a sure sign we intended to take the opposite course.

A LITTLE BIT OF ADVICE ABOUT HOUSE-KEEPING.—A woman ought to have her own purse, great or small, whichever it might be. Ten, fifty, a hundred, or five hundred pounds, according to circumstance, but her own, for which she accounts to herself. Would you know why, you gentlemen, who make your wife render an account of pins and farthings? Why, most especially and particularly for your own sublime peace and prosperity. You do not think so? Well, then. A maid servant knocks down a teacup, a servant breaks a glass, or suddenly teapot, cup, and glass all at once fall in pieces, and nobody has broken them, and so on. The wife who has not her own purse, but who must replace the cups and glasses, goes to her husband, relates the misfortune, and begs for a little money to make good the damage. He scolds the servants, and his wife, who ought to look after the servants. "Money, indeed!—a little money—money does not grow out of the ground, nor yet is it rained down from heaven—many small brooks make a great river!" And such like. At last he gives a little money, and remains often in a very ill humour. Again—if the wife have her own little purse, then such little vexations never come near him; children, servants' misfortunes, remain the same; but no disorder is remarked; all is made right as at first; all is in order; and the head of the house, who, perhaps with the greatest ease, could lay down a thousand rixdollars at once, need not for a few pence, squeezed at different times, lose the equisite of his temper, which is as invaluable to the whole house as to himself. And dost thou reckon on nothing, thou unfeeling nabob, those little surprises—those little birthday and name-day pleasures—with which thy wife can give herself the delight of surprising thee—those small pleasures which, unexpected as fallen stars, gleam, like them, on the heaven of home, and which must all come to thee from the affection of thy wife, through—*a little money*, which thou must give to her in the gross, in order to receive again in the small, with rich interest of comfort and happiness.

FULL benefit of reduced duty obtained by purchasing Horniman's Pure Tea; very choice at 3s. 4d. & 4s. "High Standard" at 4s. 4d. (formerly 4s. 8d.), is the strongest and most delicious imported. Agents in every town supply it in packets.

Art and Wisdom.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—Mrs. Snobbins, of Guildford-street, gave her second (and last) fashionable party for the season a few evenings back. The equipages were very numerous, and comprised nearly the whole of the cab-stand from the Foundling Hospital. Among the fashionables present we particularly noticed Mr. and Mrs. Smallbeer, and their accomplished daughter who sang "Love Not," while Mr. Joseph Stilton, of the Stock Exchange, furnished a flute accompaniment. This sort of hilarity was kept up till a very late hour, when sandwiches were handed round, and a tray of pint decanters, among which we particularly noticed one containing some of the once popular Maadon. Dancing was then resumed, and about three o'clock, there being no signs of supper, the guests gradually departed. The "pink and gold" of the drawing-room had been cleaned with bread by Mrs. Snobbins herself for this semi-festive occasion.

FUNERALS.—A small brochure, recently published by the Necropolis Company upon the subject of Interments, is well deserving perusal by all persons upon whom circumstances may have devolved the duty of making provision for the burial of the dead. It also explains their much approved and economical new system of conducting funerals.

It may be had, or will be sent by post, on application at the Company's Office, 2, Lancaster-place, Strand; 60, Abchurch-lane, London; 1, Union-place, New Kent-road; 30, New-castle-street, Strand; and the Station, Westminster-road.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Every evening, the new drama of WIDOW AND ORPHAN, FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY. Faith, Mrs. Arnold; Hope, Mrs. Crawford; Charity, Mrs. Lane; with Fossor's Peppercorn's wondrous illusion, A REAL GHOST—see and believe. After which new versions of AURORA FLOYD. Mr. Reynolds, Drummond, Cooke, C. Pitt, Miss Miles, &c., &c.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Read the 6d. book, THE WONDERS OF THE GOLD DIGGINGS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, by a Successful Digger, who shows how any person can always get from 30s. to 50s. a day, at a trifling outlay. DEAN AND SON, 11, Ludgate-hill, London, and all booksellers; or post-free for 7 stamps from Mr. Jones, publisher, Barnstable, Devon.

PASSAGES ENGAGED for all parts of AUSTRALIA, New Zealand, Queensland, India, China, the Cape, Natal, Algoa Bay, British Columbia, &c., &c., at the cheapest rates. Outfits supplied, cabins fitted, insurances effected on life and baggage, and all shipping business transacted by W. SUTHERLAND, 11, Fenchurch-building, City. Midshipmen and apprentices Wanted.

IMMEDIATE CASH PRIVATELY ADVANCED. TO Tradesmen and others, in sums of £20 to £500, repayable as agreed upon, on personal security, furniture, without removal, and deposit of deeds. Apply to Mr. Miller, 18, Queen-street, City. Advances made to any amount on freehold and leasehold property, reversions, &c., at a moderate rate of interest.

JOSHUA ROGERS'S UNIVERSAL PRIZE SHILLING BOX OF WATER COLOURS, Patronised and used by the Royal Family, consists of a Mahogany Box containing ten Superior Colours, and three extra fine diamond-pointed Camel Hair Brushes, with practical directions for use, some are genuine unless marked "Joshua Rogers, 13, Pavement, Finsbury-square, from 133, Bunhill-row," where they can be had, and of all bookstalls, stationers, colourmen, and fancy repositories, &c.

JOSHUA ROGERS'S Prize Nineteen Box of Water Colours, contains the ten Colours, three Brushes, and directions for use, as selected by the Society of Arts. Sold as above.

JOSHUA ROGERS'S Prize Nineteen Box of Drawing Pencils, contains six Superior Pencils, India-rubber, and four Drawing Pins. Sold as above.

JOSHUA ROGERS'S Original Pen Superfine Water Colours are not surpassed in quality by the colours of other makers charged at one shilling each. The genuine are stamped "Joshua Rogers's Penny Colours, 13, Pavement, Finsbury-square, from 133, Bunhill-row." A list of them sent for a penny stamp. Sold as above.

FOR GOOD CHEAP PROVISIONS. Go to E. LEITCH'S, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CHEESE-MONGER, 136 and 137, High-street, Borough, Opposite St. George's Church. THE LARGEST, CHEAPEST, AND BEST HOUSE IN LONDON.

A large stock of butter, cheese, and hams always in hand, suitable for hotel-keepers, families, and others.

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